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A Quarterly Journal of Fact and Opinion

Columbia University **FORUM**

Sources of the New Deal *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

Adjubei and His New Investia *Leo Grulioo*

Greenough and the Art of the Machine Age *James M. Fitch*

On Reading the Writings of Women *Elizabeth Hardwick*

Three Poems *Mark Van Doren*

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Sources of the New Deal	4	<i>Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.</i>
Three Poems	13	<i>Mark Van Doren</i>
Adjubei and His New Izvestia	14	<i>Leo Gruliow</i>
Horatio Greenough and the Art of the Machine Age	20	<i>James M. Fitch</i>
Political Bias and the Social Sciences	28	<i>Dennis H. Wrong</i>
The Liberalism of Tocqueville	33	<i>Fritz Stern</i>
Notes on the Pushkin Campaign	37	<i>Leon Stilman</i>
DEPARTMENTS		
Letters	3	
I've Been Reading	44	
<i>On reading the writings of women</i>		<i>Elizabeth Hardwick</i>
Before the House	47	<i>Morris Freedman</i>
	49	<i>Daniel J. Boorstin</i>
	49	<i>Harold Stein</i>
Columbia Chronicle	51	

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LETTERS

Policies on poverty

• Mr. Kenen ["World Poverty and American Policy"; Spring 1959] has made some very telling points when he cites the need for international price stabilization, especially as it affects those developing nations whose economy is dependent upon one or two products, either agricultural or extractive. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the following resolution was adopted at the recently concluded Atlantic Congress in London attended by citizen delegates from 14 of the 15 NATO nations:

"Since expanding trade opportunities are of utmost concern to underdeveloped countries it is important to provide them with profitable outlets for their exports. One of the necessary conditions for this is to devise ways, through multilateral agreement, of mitigating the extreme short-term price fluctuations that have characterized markets for many primary commodities. The damage that can be done by drastic reductions in foreign exchange earnings can more than discount the benefits of any aid programmes that we may provide."

I was chairman of the subcommittee which adopted the foregoing resolution, and the thinking of the delegates during their deliberations on this resolution, which was later adopted at the plenary session by unanimous vote, was generally along the lines set forth by Mr. Kenen in his thought-provoking article. However, I believe that Mr. Kenen is on less than firm ground in [other] of his criticisms . . . US trade policies are not as restrictive in comparison with those of the rest of

the world as it is sometimes thought.

While I may take exception to some of the other points made by Mr. Kenen, such as his disparagement of the Development Loan Fund, I nevertheless feel that his theory is well thought out and is a provocative one which merits reading and consideration by those concerned with our foreign economic policy.

JACOB K. JAVITS
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Defense of what?

• Samuel P. Huntington's attack on our present National Guard and reserve policies in "Men at Arms?" [Spring 1959] is in my judgment unanswerable. These policies could not possibly survive if they were not supported by a lobby which matches the Anti-Saloon League of the 1920's and the Silver Lobby of the 1930's. But there is this difference. While Prohibition was a nuisance with unpleasant side-effects and the silver legislation was expensive at a time when we had no cash to spare, the present "massive reserve" policy is distorting our entire military manpower program, wasting badly needed money, and syphoning competent officers into useless training activities during a period when anyone knows we have no margin for error in a life-or-death struggle. As Mr. Huntington suggests, the whole issue should be rigorously reviewed with determined focus upon just one objective: maximum defense at minimum cost. The vested interests of certain Guard and Reserve offices who make a profession out of pressure tactics must be disregarded.

W. BARTON LEACH
Harvard Law School
Brig. Gen. USAFR
Cambridge, Mass.

• I might differ with Mr. Huntington when he says that "obsolete ideas and vested interests are still entrenched on Capitol Hill. Clearly, the Pentagon will have to assume initiative . . . before changes can be made." It is my impression that the obsolete ideas and vested interests are as deeply imbedded in the Penta-

gon as on the Hill . . .

WALTER MILLIS
The Fund for the Republic
New York, N.Y.

Campus naturalis

• President Fels is right ["Modern College Usage"; Spring 1959]. We PR men take too many literary liberties with the rocks, rills, and templed hills (not to mention the lakes, rivers and puddles) that our forefathers sought out to adorn with college campuses. As an undergraduate at Beloit and later as a graduate student at Columbia, I can recall neither the Rock [at Beloit] nor the Hudson Rivers contributing appreciably to my understanding of Henry James, King James or Sigmund Freud. However, in composing descriptive literature about Beloit once upon a time, someone apparently felt that being "on the east bank of the Rock River" sounded more impressive to prospective students than being "up the hill from the firehouse" or "founded on a colossal bluff." [sic?] In the future we will forget about our river and turn our literary guns on such man-made wonders, old and new, as the twenty-three prehistoric Indian mounds on Beloit's campus or our community's new sewage disposal plant . . .

DAVE MASON
Public Relations Office,
Beloit College
1950 M.A., Graduate Faculties

• What are public relations officers to do? We are by nature inclined to think positively; we also feel it necessary to answer the questions most often asked by prospective students . . . I daresay that when the millennium arrives, rural colleges will carefully suggest, in the interest of objectivity, that they are perhaps remote and provincial while urban colleges will laughingly note their grime, smog, and general aroma. Meanwhile, perhaps it should be pointed out that the 380 students at Wells (President Fels' figure is sadly out of date) do enjoy joint activities with Colgate, Cornell, Hamilton, et al. This fact is invariably of interest to our prospective students, who express a not unnatural desire to know what their dating chances are. In the

(Continued on page 50)

SOURCES of the NEW DEAL; REFLECTIONS on the TEMPER of a TIME

Distilling from history the psychological and philosophical events—just as “real” as the Depression—preceding the New Deal, the author finds what were our bitter differences in spirit.

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

In the background of any historical episode lies all previous history. The strands which a historian may select as vital to an understanding of the particular episode will vary widely according to his interest, his temperament, his faith and his time. Each man must unravel the seamless web in his own way. I do not propose here any definitive assessment of the sources of the New Deal. I doubt whether

The above adaptation of one of Mr. Schlesinger's Gino Speranza lectures at Columbia this year could be considered an addendum to his developing study of the New Deal, THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT (Houghton Mifflin); the second volume, THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL, appeared this Spring. Mr. Schlesinger holds the Pulitzer Prize and is a professor of history at Harvard.



Photograph by Walker Evans
Political Poster Massachusetts Village 1929

a final assessment is possible. I want rather to call attention to certain possible sources which may not have figured extensively in the conventional accounts, including my own—to the relation of the New Deal to the ebb and flow of American national politics and then its relation to the international dilemma of free society in this century.

Such relationships are speculative; nonetheless, an attempt to see them may perhaps cast light on some of the less discussed impulses behind the New Deal itself. To begin—and in order to make a sharp issue—let me ask this question: would there have been a New Deal if there had been no depression? Without a depression, would we have had nothing but a placid continuation, so long as prosperity itself continued, of the New Era of the Twenties?

I would answer that there would very likely

have been some sort of New Deal in the Thirties even without the Depression. I think perhaps our contemporary thinking has come too unreflectively to assume depression as the necessary preliminary for any era of reform. Students of American history know better. The fight against depression was, to be sure, the heart of the New Deal, but it has not been the central issue of traditional American reform: it was not the heart of Jeffersonian democracy nor of Jacksonian democracy nor of the anti-slavery movement nor of the Progressive movement.

What preceded these other epochs of reform was an accumulation of disquietudes and discontents in American society, often non-economic in character, and producing a general susceptibility to appeals for change—this and the existence within society of able men or groups who felt themselves cramped by the status quo and who were capable of exploiting mounting dissatisfaction to advance policies and purposes of their own. This combination of outsiders striving for status and power and a people wearying of the existing leadership and the existing ideals has been the real archetype of American reform.

The official order in the Twenties presented perhaps the nearest we ever came in our history to the identification of the national interest with the interests, values and goals of a specific class—in this case, of course, the American business community. During the generation before Harding, the political leaders who had commanded the loyalties and the energies of the American people—Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson—expressed strains in American life distinct from and often opposed to the dominant values of business. They represented a fusion of patrician and intellectual attitudes which saw in public policy an outlet for creative energy—in Lippmann's phrase, they stood for mastery as against drift. In the service of this conception, they led the people into great national efforts of various sorts, culminating in the convulsive and terrible experience of war. Two decades of this—two decades under the glittering eyes of such leaders as Roosevelt and Wilson, Bryan and La Follette—left the nation in a state of exhaustion.

By 1920 the nation was tired of public crisis. It was tired of discipline and sacrifice. It was

tired of abstract and intangible objectives. It could gird itself no longer for heroic moral or intellectual effort. Its instinct for idealism was spent. "It is only once in a generation," Wilson himself had said, "that a people can be lifted above material things. That is why conservative government is in the saddle two-thirds of the time." And the junior official to whom he made this remark, the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, also noted soon after his unsuccessful try for the Vice-Presidency in 1920, "Every war brings after it a period of materialism and conservatism; people tire quickly of ideals and we are now repeating history." John W. Davis, the Democratic candidate in 1924, said a few years later: "The people usually know what they want at a particular time . . . In 1924 when I was a candidate what they wanted was repose."

A nation fatigued with ideals and longing for repose was ready for "normalcy." As popular attention receded from public policy, as values and aspirations became private again, people stopped caring about politics, which meant that political power inevitably gravitated to society's powerful economic interests—the government of the exhausted nation quite naturally fell to the businessmen. And for nearly a decade the business government reigned over a prosperous and expanding country.

Yet, for all the material contentment of the Twenties, the decade was also marked by mounting spiritual and psychological discontent. One could detect abundant and multiplying symptoms of what Josiah Royce, after Hegel, used to call a self-estranged social order. The official creed began to encounter growing skepticism, and even opposition and ridicule, in the community at large. Able and ambitious groups, denied what they considered fitting recognition or opportunity, began to turn against the Establishment.

If the economic crash of 1929 astonished the experts, a spiritual crash was diagnosed well in advance. "By 1927," reported Scott Fitzgerald, "a widespread neurosis began to be evident, faintly signalled, like a nervous beating of the feet, by the popularity of crossword puzzles." In the same year Walter Lippmann pointed more soberly to the growing discrepancy between the nominal political issues of the day and the actual emotions of the people. If politics took up these

real issues, Lippmann said, it would revolutionize the existing party system. "It is not surprising, then, that our political leaders are greatly occupied in dampening down interest, in obscuring issues, and in attempting to distract attention from the realities of American life."

What was wrong with the New Era was not (as yet) evidence of incompetence or stupidity in public policy. Rather, there was a profound discontent with the monopoly of power and prestige by a single class and the resulting indifference of the national government to deeper tensions. Those excluded from the magic circle suffered boredom, resentment, irritation and eventually indignation over what seemed the intolerable pretensions and irrelevances of their masters. Now it is the gravest error to underrate the power of boredom as a factor in social change. Our political scientists have pointed out convincingly how the human tendency toward inertia sets limits on liberalism; I wish they would spend equal time showing how the human capacity for boredom sets limits on conservatism. The dominant official society—the Establishment—of the Twenties was an exceedingly boring one, neither bright nor witty nor picturesque nor even handsome, and this prodded the human impulse to redress the balance by kicking up heels in back streets.

All this encouraged the defection of specific groups from a social order which ignored their needs and snubbed their ambitions. Within the business community itself there were dissident individuals, especially in the underdeveloped areas of the country, who considered that opportunities for local growth were unduly restrained by Wall Street's control of the money market. The farmers felt themselves shut out from the prevailing prosperity. Elements in the labor movement resented their evident second-class citizenship. Members of foreign nationality groups, especially the newer immigration and its children, chafed under the prevalent assumption that the real America was Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, middle-class and white. In time some of the younger people of the nation began to grow restless before the ideals held out to them; while others, in accepting these ideals, acquired a smug mediocrity which even depressed some of their elders.

Gravest among the symptoms was the defec-

tion of the intellectuals: writers, educators, newspapermen, editors—those who manned the machinery of opinion and who transmitted ideas. The fact of their particular estrangement and discontent guaranteed the articulation, and thus, to a degree, the coordination of the larger unrest. The intellectuals put the ruling class in its place by substituting for its own admiring picture of itself a set of disrespectful images, which an increasing number of people found delightful and persuasive; the insiders, who had before been seen in the reverent terms of Bruce Barton and the *American Magazine*, were now to be seen less reverently through the eyes of H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis. Satire liberated people from the illusion of business infallibility and opened their minds to other visions of American possibility. The next function of the intellectuals was precisely to explore and substantiate those other visions. They did so with zest and ingenuity; and the result was that, beneath the official crust, the Twenties billowed with agitation, criticism and hope. Dewey affirmed man's capability for social invention and management; Beard argued that intelligent national planning was the irresistible next phase in history; Partridge insisted that Jeffersonian idealism had a sound basis in the American past, and indeed, expressed a truer Americanism than did materialism. Together the satirists and the prophets drew a new portrait of America—both of the American present and of the American promise—and the increasingly visible discrepancy between what was and what might be in America armed the spreading discontent.

The well of idealism was rising again; energies were being replenished, batteries recharged. Outsiders were preparing to hammer on the gates of the citadel. The 1928 election, in which an Irish Catholic challenged Yankee Protestant supremacy, illustrated the gathering revolt against the Establishment. And, though Hoover won the election, Samuel Lubell has pointed out that "Smith split not only the Solid South but the Republican North as well." Smith carried counties which had long been traditionally Republican; he smashed the Republican hold on the cities; he mobilized the new immigrants. In losing, he polled nearly as many votes as Calvin Coolidge had polled in winning four years before.

He stood for the vital new tendencies of politics; and it is likely that the prolongation of these tendencies would have assured a national Democratic victory, without a depression, in 1932 or certainly by 1936. And such a Democratic victory would surely have meant the discharge into public life of able and ambitious people denied preference under a business administration—much the same sort of people, indeed, who eventually came to power with the New Deal; and it would have meant new opportunities for groups that had seen the door slammed in their faces in the Twenties—labor, the farmers, the ethnic minorities, the intellectuals.

The suspicion that a political overturn was due even without a depression is fortified, I think, by the calculations of my father in his essay of some years back "The Tides of National Politics." In this essay he proposed that liberal and conservative periods in our national life succeed themselves at intervals of about fifteen or sixteen years; this alternation takes place, he wrote, without any apparent correlation with economic circumstances or, indeed, with anything else, except the ebb and flow of national political psychology. By this argument, a liberal epoch was due in America around 1934 or 1935, depression or no.

In short, the New Deal was, among other things, an expression of what would seem—to use a currently unfashionable concept—an inherent cyclical rhythm in American politics. The Depression did not cause the cycle: what the Depression did was to increase its intensity and deepen its impact by superimposing on the normal cycle the peculiar and unprecedented urgencies arising from economic despair. One might even argue—though I do not think I would—that the Depression coming at another stage in the cycle would not necessarily have produced a New Deal. It is certainly true, as I said, that depressions did not induce epochs of reform in 1873 or in 1893. I think myself, however, that the magnitude of the shock made a political recoil almost certain after 1929. Still, the fact that this recoil took a liberal rather than a reactionary turn may well be due to the accident that the economic shock coincided with a liberal turn in the political cycle.

In any event, the fact remains that the his-

torical New Deal, whether or not something like it might have come along anyway, was after all brought into being by the Depression. It assumed its particular character as it sought to respond to the challenge of economic collapse. And, in confronting this challenge, it was confronting a good deal more than merely an American problem. Mass unemployment touched the very roots of free institutions everywhere. "This problem of unemployment," as Winston Churchill said in England in 1930, "is the most torturing that can be presented to civilized society." The problem was more than torturing; it was something civilized society had to solve if it were to survive. And the issue presented with particular urgency was whether representative democracy could ever deal effectively with it.

Churchill, in the same Romanes lecture at Oxford in 1930, questioned whether it could: democratic governments, he said, drifted along the lines of least resistance, took short views, smoothed their path with platitudes, and paid their way with sops and doles. Parliaments, he suggested, could deal with political problems, but not with economic. "One may even be pardoned," Churchill said, "for doubting whether institutions based on adult suffrage could possibly arrive at the right decisions upon the intricate propositions of modern business and finance." These were delicate problems requiring specialist treatment. "You cannot cure cancer by a majority. What is wanted is a remedy."

The drift of discussion in the United States as well as in Britain in the early Thirties revealed an increasingly dour sense of existing alternatives; on the one hand, it seemed, was parliamentary democracy with economic chaos; on the other, economic authoritarianism with political tyranny. Even more dour was the sense that history had already made the choice—that the democratic impulse was drained of vitality, that liberalism was spent as a means of organizing human action. Consider a selection of statements from American writers at the time, and their mortuary resonance:

The rejection of democracy is nowadays regarded as evidence of superior wisdom. (Ralph Barton Perry)

The moral and intellectual bankruptcy of liberalism in our time needs no demonstration. It is as obvious as rain and as taken for granted. (Nathaniel Peffer)

To attempt a defense of democracy these days is a little like defending paganism in 313 or the divine right of kings in 1793. It is taken for granted that democracy is bad and that it is dying. (George Boas)

'Liberalism is dead.' So many people who seem to agree upon nothing else have agreed to accept these three sweeping words. (Joseph Wood Krutch)

Modern Western civilization is a failure. That theory is now generally accepted. (Louise Maunsell Fields)

Why is it that democracy has fallen so rapidly from the high prestige which it had at the Armistice? . . . Why is it that in America itself—in the very temple and citadel of democracy—self-government has been held up to every ridicule, and many observers count it already dead? (Will Durant)

Only the most venerable among us can remember the creeping fear of a quarter of a century ago that the free system itself had run out of energy, that we had reached, in a phrase Reinhold Niebuhr used as a part of the title of a book in 1934, the "end of an era." What this pessimism implied for the realm of public policy was that democracy had exhausted its intellectual and moral resources, its bag of tricks was played out, and salvation now lay in moving over to a system of total control.

In affirming that there was no alternative between laissez-faire and tyranny, the pessimists were endorsing a passionate conviction held both by the proponents of individualism and the proponents of collectivism. Ogden Mills spoke with precision for American conservatives: "We can have a free country or a socialistic one. We cannot have both. Our economic system cannot be half free and half socialistic . . . There is no middle ground between governing and being governed, between absolute sovereignty and liberty, between tyranny and freedom." Herbert Hoover was equally vehement: "Even partial regimentation cannot be made to work and still maintain live democratic institutions." In such sentiments, Hoover and Mills would have commanded the enthusiastic assent of Stalin and Mussolini. The critical question was whether a middle way was possible—a mixed system which might give the state more power than conservatives would like, enough power, indeed, to assure economic and social security, but still not so much as to create dictatorship. To this question the Hoovers, no less than the Stalins and Mussolinis, had long since returned categorical answers. They all

agreed on this, if on nothing else: no.

As I have said, economic planning was not just an American problem. Great Britain, for example, was confronting mass unemployment and economic stagnation; moreover, she had had since 1929 a Labor government. In a sense, it would have been hard to select a better place to test the possibilities of a tranquil advance from laissez-faire capitalism to a managed society. Here was a Labor leadership, sustained by a faith in the "inevitability of gradualness," ruling a nation committed by tradition and instinct to the acceptance of empirical change. How did the British Labor government visualize its problem and opportunity?

The central figures in the Labor government of 1929 were Ramsay MacDonald, now Prime Minister for the second time, and Philip Snowden, his sharp and dominating Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both were classical Socialists who saw in the nationalization of basic industry the answer to all economic riddles. Yet in the existing political situation, with a slim Labor majority, nationalization was out of the question. With socialism excluded, MacDonald and Snowden—indeed, nearly all the Labor party leaders—could see no alternative to all-out socialism but nearly all-out laissez-faire. A capitalist order had to be operated on capitalist principles. The economic policy of the Labor government was thus consecrated as faithfully as that of Herbert Hoover's Republican administration in the United States to the balanced budget and the gold standard—and, far more faithfully than American Republicanism, to free trade.

Socialism across the Channel was hardly more resourceful. As the German Social Democrat Fritz Naphtali put it in 1930, "I don't believe that we can do very much, nor anything very decisive, from the point of view of economic policy, to overcome the crisis until it has run its course." In this spirit of impotence, the democratic Socialists of Europe (until Léon Blum came to power some years later) denied the possibility of a middle way and concluded that, short of full socialization, they had no alternative but to accept the logic of laissez-faire.

The assumption that there were two absolutely distinct economic orders, socialism and capitalism, expressed, of course, an unconscious Pla-

Photograph by Walker Evans
Main Street Faces, 1935



tonism—a conviction that the true reality lay in the theoretical essences of which any working economy, with its compromises and confusions, could only be an imperfect copy. If in the realm of essences socialism and capitalism were separate phenomena based on separate principles, then they must be kept rigorously apart on earth. Nor was this use of Platonism—this curious belief that the abstraction was somehow more real than the reality, which Whitehead so well called the “fallacy of misplaced concreteness”—confined to doctrinaire capitalists and doctrinaire socialists. The eminent Liberal economist Sir William Beveridge, director of the London School of Economics, braintruster for the Lloyd George welfare reforms before the First World War, spoke for enlightened economic opinion when he identified the “inescapable fatal danger” confronting public policy in the Depression as “the danger of mixing freedom and control. We have to decide either to let production be guided by the free play of prices or to plan it socialistically from beginning to end . . . Control and freedom do not mix.” Beveridge, encountering Donald Richberg in Washington in the glowing days of 1933, asked a bit patronizingly whether

Richberg really believed that there was “a half-way between Wall Street and Moscow.” As for Britain, “there is not much that anyone can do now to help us,” Beveridge said. “We must plan to avoid another crisis later. We shall not by conscious effort escape this one.”

So dogma denied the possibility of a managed capitalism. But could dogma hold out in Britain against the urgencies of depression? Some Englishmen dissented from the either/or philosophy. In the general election of 1929, for example, John Maynard Keynes and Hubert Henderson had provided the Liberal party with the rudiments of an expansionist policy, based on national spending and public works. As unemployment increased in 1930, so too did the pressure for positive government action. That year Sir Oswald Mosley, a member of the Labor government, proposed to a cabinet committee on unemployment an active program of government spending, accompanied by controls over banking, industry and foreign trade. But he could make no impression on the capitalist orthodoxy of the Socialist leaders; Snowden rejected the Mosley memorandum. Another minister suggested leaving the gold standard; Snowden covered him

with scorn. To the party conference of 1930, MacDonald said, "I appeal to you to go back to your Socialist faith. Do not mix that up with pettifogging patching, either of a Poor Law kind or Relief Work kind." In other words, socialism meant all or—in this case—nothing!

As economic pressure increased, more and more had to be sacrificed to the balancing of the budget; and the implacable retrenchment meant more governmental economy, reduction in salaries, reduction in normal public works, until, in time, the frenzy for economy threatened the social services and especially the system of unemployment payments on which many British workers relied to keep alive. The summer crisis of 1931, after the failure of *Kreditanstalt*, weakened the pound; and to Snowden and the Labor government nothing now seemed more essential than staying on the gold standard. To keep Britain on gold required American loans; American loans would not be forthcoming unless satisfactory evidence existed of a determination to balance the budget; and the evidence most likely to satisfy J. P. Morgan and Company, which was arranging the American credit, was a cut in unemployment benefits.

In August 1931, MacDonald and Snowden confronted the cabinet with this dismal logic. Arthur Henderson made it clear that the whole cabinet absolutely accepted Snowden's economic theory: "We ought to do everything in our power to balance the Budget." But MacDonald's proposal for a cut in the dole seemed downright wrong; the Labor government fell. MacDonald soon returned to office as head of a National government. The new government, slightly more adventurous than its predecessors, took Britain off gold in a few weeks. Sidney Webb, Labor's senior intellectual, provided the Labor government its obituary: "No one ever told us we could do that!"

The Labor government having immobilized itself by its intellectual conviction that there was no room for maneuver, no middle way, now succeeded through its collapse in documenting its major premise. Then the experience of 1931 displayed the Right as too hardboiled ever to acquiesce in even the most gradual democratic change. "The attempt to give a social bias to capitalism, while leaving it master of the house," wrote R. H. Tawney, "appears to have failed."

If piecemeal reforms were beyond the power of the Labor government, as they were beyond the desire of a Tory government, then the only hope lay in the rapid achievement of full socialism; the only way socialism could be achieved seemed to be through ruthlessness on the Left as great as that on the Right. Such reasoning was responsible for the lust for catastrophic change that suffused the British Left and infected a part of the American Left in the early Thirties. No one drew more facile and sweeping conclusions than Harold Laski. The fate of the MacDonald government, Laski wrote, was "tantamount to an insistence that if socialists wish to secure a state built upon the principles of their faith, they can only do so by revolutionary means."

From this perspective Laski and those like him quite naturally looked with derision on the advocate of the middle way. In December 1934, for the perhaps somewhat baffled readers of *Redbook* magazine, Laski debated with Maynard Keynes whether America could spend its way to recovery. Public spending, Laski said with horror, would lead to inflation or heavy taxation or waste; it would mean, he solemnly wrote, "an unbalanced budget with the disturbance of confidence (an essential condition of recovery) which this implies": it would bequeath a "bill of staggering dimensions" to future generations. "Government spending as anything more than a temporary and limited expedient," he concluded, "will necessarily do harm in a capitalist society." This was, of course, not only the argument of Ramsay MacDonald but of Herbert Hoover; Laski's novelty was to use it to defend, not a balanced budget and the gold standard, but—socialist revolution.

One way or another, the British Left began to vote against liberal democracy. Sir Oswald Mosley, who had championed the most constructive economic program considered within the MacDonald government, indicated the new direction when, with John Strachey and others, he founded the authoritarian-minded New Party in 1931. Mosley's excesses soon led him toward fascism and discredit; but plenty of others were reaching similar conclusions about the impossibility of reform under capitalism. Sidney and Beatrice Webb abandoned Fabianism for the mirage of a new civilization in the Soviet Union.

All peaceful roads to progress seemed blocked. After a visit with Roosevelt in Washington, Cripps wrote, "My whole impression is of an honest anxious man faced by an impossible task—humanizing capitalism and making it work." "The one thing that is not inevitable now," said Cripps, "is gradualness."

Both Right and Left—Hoover and Stalin, John W. Davis and Mussolini, Ogden Mills and Stafford Cripps—thus rejected the notion of a socially directed and managed capitalism, of a mixed economy, of something in between classical free enterprise and classical socialism. And the either/or demonstration commanded considerable respect in the United States—self-evidently on the American Right; and to some degree on the American Left. So Laski had made clear in *Democracy in Crisis* that the American ruling class would be as tough and hopeless as any other:

What evidence is there, among the class which controls the destiny of America, of a will to make the necessary concessions? Is not the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the long indefensible imprisonment of Mooney, the grim history of American strikes, the root of the answer to that question?

In 1932 both Right and Left thus stood with fierce intransigence on the solid ground of dogma. In so doing, they were challenging an essential part of the American liberal tradition. When Professor Rexford G. Tugwell of the Columbia University economics department, on leave in Washington, revisited his campus in 1933, he rashly bragged of the New Deal's freedom from "blind doctrine," and the *Columbia Spectator*, then edited by a brilliant young undergraduate named James Wechsler, seized on this boast as the fatal weakness of Tugwell's argument and of the whole New Deal. "This is the crux of the problem," the *Spectator* said; "the blind stumbling in the most chaotic fashion—experimenting from day to day—without any anchor except a few idealistic phrases—is worthless. It is merely political pragmatism."

Merely political pragmatism—to ideologists, whether of Right or of Left, this seemed conclusive evidence of intellectual bankruptcy. As the conservatives had said that any attempt to modify the capitalist system must mean socialism, so the radicals now said that any attempt to maintain the capitalist system must mean

fascism. "Roosevelt's policies can be welded into a consistent whole," wrote I. F. Stone, "only on the basis of one hypothesis . . . that Mr. Roosevelt intends to move toward fascism." "The essential logic of the New Deal," wrote Max Lerner, "is increasingly the naked fist of the capitalist state."

Convinced of the fragility of the system, the radicals saw themselves as the forerunners of apocalypse. "American commercial agriculture is doomed," wrote Louis Hacker; capitalism was doomed, too, and the party system, and the traditional American way of life. In 1934 Sidney Hook, James Burnham, Louis Budenz, V. F. Calverton, James Rorty and others addressed "An Open Letter to American Intellectuals." "We cannot by some clever Rooseveltian trick," the letter warned,

evade the unfolding of basic economic and political developments under capitalism . . . Let us not deceive ourselves that we shall not have to face here also the choice between reaction, on the one hand, and a truly scientific economy under a genuine workers' democracy on the other.

In 1935 *The New Republic* stated with magisterial simplicity the argument of the radicals against the New Dealers, of New York against Washington, of the Marxists against the pragmatists.

Either the nation must put up with the confusions and miseries of an essentially unregulated capitalism, or it must prepare to supersede capitalism with socialism. *There is no longer a feasible middle course.*

Both radicalism and conservatism thus ended in the domain of either/or. The contradictions of actuality, which so stimulated the pragmatists of Washington, only violated the proprieties and offended the illusions of the ideologists. While they all saw themselves as hardheaded realists, in fact they were Platonists, preferring essence to existence and considering abstractions the only reality.

The great central source of the New Deal, in my judgment, lay precisely in the instinctive response of practical, energetic, and compassionate people to those dogmatic absolutes. This passion to sacrifice reality to doctrine presented a profound challenge to the pragmatic nerve. Many Americans, refusing to be intimidated by abstractions or to be overawed by ideology, responded by doing things. The whole point of the New Deal lay in its belief in activism, its faith

in gradualness, its rejection of catastrophism, its indifference to ideology, its conviction that a managed and modified capitalist order achieved by piecemeal experiment could combine personal freedom and economic growth. "In a world in which revolutions just now are coming easily," said Adolf Berle, "the New Deal chose the more difficult course of moderation and rebuilding." "The course that the new Administration did take," said Harold Ickes, "was the hardest course. It conformed to no theory, but it did fit into the American system—a system of taking action step by step, a system of regulation only to meet concrete needs, a system of courageous recognition of change." Tugwell, rejecting *laissez-faire* and communism, spoke of the "third course."

Roosevelt himself, of course, was the liberal pragmatist *par excellence*. His aim was to steer between the extremes of chaos and tyranny by moving always, in his phrase, "slightly to the left of center." "Unrestrained individualism" he wrote, had proved a failure; yet "any paternalistic system which tries to provide for security for everyone from above only calls for an impossible task and a regimentation utterly uncongenial to the spirit of our people." He constantly repeated Macaulay's injunction to reform if you wished to preserve.

Roosevelt had no illusions about revolution. Mussolini and Stalin seemed to him, in his phrase, "not mere distant relatives" but "blood brothers." When Emil Ludwig asked him his "political motive," he replied, "My desire is to obviate revolution . . . I work in a contrary sense to Rome and Moscow." He said during the 1932 campaign:

Say that civilization is a tree which, as it grows, continually produces rot and dead wood. The radical says: 'Cut it down.' The conservative says: 'Don't touch it.' The liberal compromises: 'Let's prune, so that we lose neither the old trunk nor the new branches.' This campaign is waged to teach the country to march upon its appointed course, the way of change, in an orderly march, avoiding alike the revolution of radicalism and the revolution of conservatism.

I think it would be a mistake to underestimate the extent to which this pragmatic attitude was itself a major source of New Deal vitality. The exaltation of the middle way seems banal and

obvious enough today. Yet the tyranny of dogma was such in the early years of the Great Depression that infatuation with ideology blocked and smothered the instinctive efforts of free men to work their own salvation. In a world intoxicated with abstractions, Roosevelt and the New Dealers stood almost alone in a stubborn faith in rational experiment, in trial and error. No one understood this more keenly than the great English critic of absolutes; Keynes, in an open letter to Roosevelt at the end of 1933, stated the hopes generated by the New Deal with precision and eloquence. "You have made yourself," Keynes told Roosevelt,

the trustee for those in every country who seek to mend the evils of our condition by reasoned experiment within the framework of the existing social system. If you fail, rational choice will be gravely prejudiced throughout the world, leaving orthodoxy and revolution to fight it out. But, if you succeed, new and bolder methods will be tried everywhere, and we may date the first chapter of a new economic era from your accession to office.

The question remains: why did the New Deal itself have the pragmatic commitment? Why, under the impact of depression, was it not overborne by dogma as were most other governments and leaders in the world? The answer to this lies, I suspect, in the point I proposed earlier—in the suggestion that the New Deal represented, not just a response to depression, but also a response to pent-up frustration and needs in American society—frustrations and needs which would have operated had there been no depression at all. The periodic demand for forward motion in American politics, the periodic breakthrough of new leadership—these were already in the works before the Depression. Depression, therefore, instead of catching a nation wholly unprepared, merely accelerated tendencies toward change already visible in the national community. The response to depression, in short, was controlled and tempered by the values of traditional American experimentalism, rather than those of rigid ideology. The New Deal was thus able to approach the agony of mass unemployment and depression in the pragmatic spirit, in the spirit which guaranteed the survival rather than the extinction of freedom, in the spirit which in time rekindled hope across the world that free men could manage their own economic destiny.



Three Poems
by
Mark Van Doren

A professor of English at Columbia for 39 years, until his retirement this June, Mark Van Doren won the Pulitzer Prize in 1939 for his COLLECTED POEMS. His play, THE LAST DAYS OF LINCOLN, will open on Broadway this season.

Double Good

If I can wonder what this animal thinks,
Sitting and watching or not watching me,
Does he do likewise? That is what I wonder.
Is something in him free as I am free?

Free, I mean, to seek what is not given,
And to despise all else? For if I knew,
And he knew, and the strangeness were destroyed,
What dreadful silence then between us two.

For now we talk; absurdly, we do talk,
And neither understands more than he should.
If all, we were as one; but now in dark
We keep distinction, which is double good.

No more than with another man I know,
No more than with a second beast he sees,
Past the fine twilight of this interval,
What each one is forever, if God please.

Cold Beauty

Woods, flaming in winter sunset,
Had best be witnessed warm indoors.
There is no heat in all that hectic;
Nor—wait, child—from Orion's stars.

Lovers Must Wonder

These little birds that feed all day so fiercely,
All week, all winter, keeping their hearts hot—
Gems in feathers—why such a length of labor?
Is it for love in June, or have they forgot?
Was something less intended by their maker:
That they maintain mere fire? Oh, no? Then what?

When mistresses all morning move in coolness,
Speaking and doing: daughters of mankind;
Was it for this the mother of their being
Put, without difference, tongue in them and mind?
Lovers must wonder. How does such clear seeing
Measure night's minutes, animal, blood-blind?

ADJUBEI AND HIS NEW IZVESTIA

by LEO GRULIOW

Khrushchev's son-in-law & current traveling companion is editing a "daring" daily in Moscow, coping with politicians who tell him what to print, censors who tell him what not to—and readers who may outguess them all.

As May turned into June the change in *Izvestia* became more and more pronounced. Indented passages in boldface and italic began to pockmark the columns. Across the pages zigzagged fancy borders and rules. Headlines jumped to 48- and 60-point size and broke into puns and exclamation points. I VISITED THE VINNITSA SPY CENTER! POLITICAL BOMBSHELL EXPLODES IN BONN! TWO MONTHS IN THE HELL OF FORDHAM HOSPITAL (this last over a story lifted from the *New York Post*). What had come over the good gray *Izvestia*?

Instead of the customary dreary editorial, the front page sported a cartoon. The feature pages

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carried a short-short story. One day a young couple water-skied through a three-column photo that might have graced a Florida publicity flier. The foreign affairs commentary that once yawned across an acre of type was suddenly squeezed into a snappy box only three paragraphs long. Another day a winsome starlet (I think that is the phrase) stared, close-up and wide-eyed, from a picture at the top of a page. She was, of course, being graduated from a dramatic school.

Astonished readers of *Izvestia* all over the world turned to the last column on the last page, where the editor "signs" the issue. All they found was the customary anonymous line: "Editor—Editorial Board." But those who knew the Soviet press could scarcely mistake the journalistic imprint of 34-year-old Alexei Adjubei, a son-in-law of Premier Nikita Khrushchev, and currently his traveling companion on the Premier's United States tour.

To appreciate the face-lifting that Adjubei accomplished on Russia's most sedate daily, one must remember that only eight years ago any attempt at popular journalism in the USSR would have been condemned out of hand as "vulgar," or "decadent," or "bourgeois" "sensationalism." The Soviet press, as one of its editors once remarked, has always been "addressed not to the public, but to the local officialdom, and usually in a tone of command." To go out of one's way to attract the common reader was unheard of.

Suppression, delay, distortion and dreadful boredom were the portion of the common reader in Stalin's day, and for some time afterward—not merely the occasional delay or suppression that is still practiced, but delay so habitual that almost every lead opened with the words "a few days ago," "recently," or "not long ago." A newspaperman stationed at the United Nations tells a possibly apocryphal anecdote about the behavior of a *Pravda* correspondent when a big story broke in Stalin's time. While the newsmen from other countries were dashing for telephones and typewriters, the *Pravda* reporter coolly strolled the corridor. "Aren't you going to send the story?" our informant asked. "There's no rush. Before we can write the story we shall have to determine its significance," replied the *Pravda* man. "But the news—the news that has

happened! Aren't you going to report that?" "Oh, that," said the Russian. "It isn't news until it appears in *Pravda*, anyway."

In those days Soviet newspapers were so uniform that to have read one was to scarcely require a look at the others: chockablock with the same pledges of increased industrial and agricultural output; with the same long-winded professions of eternal devotion to Stalin; and with endless re-hashing of ideological dogma, properly laced with quotations from Stalin and Marx. Occasionally one found an engrossing discourse on the need for vigilance against spies and other enemies surrounding the Soviet people in every walk of life, but even this change of fare was infrequent.

The Soviet press has continued to print a great deal of such raw and indigestible matter. But one example indicates the difference in the current mixture, thanks in great part to Alexei Adjubei. On Khrushchev's 65th birthday this year the newspapers carried four pages of greetings to him from public figures and organizations. But when Stalin marked his 70th birthday in 1949 the mere list of names of those sending greetings filled approximately 150 pages. *Pravda* ran the list serially for twenty-two months. When it left off printing it, the list was still incomplete. Stalin was 72 when *Pravda* finished celebrating his 70th birthday. True, Khrushchev has five years to go before he celebrates his 70th birthday. But it is generally agreed that the Soviet regime is again becoming a one-man show—if at the moment a more readable one.

To an American who has not seen the Soviet press of Stalin's time, the new *Izvestia* appears to be just more of the same propaganda (it is), but to the Soviet reader it must be a refreshing change. It still speaks for the small clique of Soviet leaders, but it no longer addresses itself primarily to them. It has discovered the public, and is now being watched as an interesting front-runner in a movement toward "popular" journalism in the USSR.

The change in *Izvestia* is in fact symptomatic of changes in the regime and particularly in the character of the man who heads it. Adjubei carried out the stylistic revolution in *Izvestia* this summer, but the groundwork was laid by Mr.

Khrushchev back in December, 1953. Khrushchev, then the new secretary of the Communist Party Central Committee, was bound to jolt the party out of its Stalinist torpor. Not surprisingly, he started with the editors of Soviet newspapers, all of whom are appointed or approved by the party officialdom and take their orders from party headquarters. Calling them into conference, he told them that the newspapers should display initiative and individuality. He made it plain that his aim was not to free the press, but to reinvigorate it as an instrument of party propaganda. Stodgy writing, he said, "must be driven off the newspaper page," and liveliness, presumably, driven on.

Newspapermen took the cue—with an understanding that censorship was to be somewhat relaxed. After the long Stalinist freeze, the papers began indulging in satire, in crusading—for approved causes, of course—and exposing local malfeasance. They even took to printing news as soon as it happened, expecting some significant items. Crime reports cropped up again, and here and there papers burst out in more audacious make-up.

This rejuvenation of the press proceeded unevenly. At the time, *Pravda* (Truth) and *Izvestia* (News), the two *doyens* of the press, remained august and aloof, and many other leading papers continued to go their solemn doctrinaire way. But the youth paper, *Komsomolskaya pravda* (Young Communist League Truth), kicked up its heels with the liveliest—its editor, Adjubei.

As a newspaper appealing to a youthful audience, *Komsomolskaya* had always been brighter than the run of Soviet dailies. Under Adjubei it now became positively breezy, carrying first-person confessions, crusades, exposés, discussions of love and ethics, readers' letters about personal problems, and generous headlines and pictures. Other dailies ventured to adopt bits of the *Komsomolskaya* formula. *Trud* (Labor), the trade union newspaper, once the most boring in Moscow, now and then dropped its stuffy daily editorial and printed exposés, cartoons, and bolder headlines; its editor had been trained on the *Komsomolskaya* staff. When a new paper, *Sovetskaya Rossiya* (Soviet Russia), was established in 1956, some of its editors came from *Komsomolskaya*, bringing with them a partial-

ity for brief, newsy reporting and plenty of photographs.

But the new freedom in the Soviet press was largely one of style, not policy. The party leaders continued to dictate the latter. It will be remembered that in the short heyday of "collective rule" the collective leaders were often divided among themselves. Divisions at the top opened the way for controversy and confusion in the followers' ranks. In the heady but tense climate of de-Stalinization, even a small measure of editorial relaxation had obvious dangers. In those years (1953 to 1957) scholarly journals were raising questions on the fringe of policy and ideology—biologists challenging the entrenched Lysenko doctrine in genetics, lawyers asking for the incorporation of jury trial and habeas corpus in the new legal codes, musicians and artists trying out unorthodox modes of expression.

Then, in 1957, the Hungarian revolution broke out, partly the work of writers and journalists.

Khrushchev responded with a sharp warning to Soviet writers and editors. Originality was well and good, he said, but only as it served the party's ends: "We cannot put the press in unreliable hands." At these ominous words, a number of newspapers that had begun to enliven their pages promptly retreated into safe dullness. Neither *Trud* nor *Sovetskaya Rossiya* could sustain their brisk tone; time and again they fell back into officialese. Editors of provincial youth papers who tried to imitate the sprightly *Komsomolskaya* but who lacked the judgment and political backing to carry it off were accused publicly of sensationalism. Undaunted, Adjubei continued with the confidence of a trusted and dedicated party stalwart. He embraced the new line, assailed "revisionists" and free-thinking writers (including one or two whom *Komsomolskaya* had briefly championed) and continued to turn out a bright newspaper.

One day *Komsomolskaya* gave a full page to an exclusive story of men risking their lives to dig up a dump of live mines and shells that had been found buried on the outskirts of Kursk, abandoned by retreating Nazis in World War II. For fifteen years the dump had lain undiscovered, and it threatened to blow up the town when unearthed by chance at the end of 1957. This was a ticklish story for a Soviet newspaper,

for it involved the public safety; worse, the Kursk city officials, all unknowing, had built an industrial suburb directly over the buried shells, and readers were bound to ask whose negligence was to blame—as they did. Soon the whole Soviet press, emboldened by Adjubei's scoop, was turning up similar stories in other cities. He had, as it were, discovered a vein, and apparently a safe one. *Komsomolskaya* set the pace again in exposing carousing and professionalism among privileged soccer stars. Another time it printed the story of a geologist who claimed to have seen the Abominable Snowman in the mountains of Central Asia.

Then, at the end of last May, young Adjubei took the editor's desk at *Izvestia*, the government daily, a national paper, published simultaneously in a dozen cities from Moscow to Vladivostok. In prestige and influence it ranks second only to the central party organ, *Pravda*, among the Soviet Union's 500 dailies. He was—and is—conspicuously in the Big Time.

Will Adjubei be able to preserve his characteristic exuberance at *Izvestia*? The odds are against it. To publish a popular daily in Moscow he must cope with politicians who tell him what to print, censors who tell him what not to print, and readers accustomed to outguessing them all by looking for obscure clues amid the intellectual rubble of ideological jargon.

Komsomolskaya, because it is designed for young readers, is often excused from the obligation to carry a host of tiresome official reports that other Soviet papers are required to print. This is part of the secret of its liveliness (as it is of the relative liveliness of the country's thirteen evening newspapers, similarly excused because they are regarded as light reading). *Izvestia*, however, as the formal mouthpiece of the government, has no choice but to obey orders when "must" copy comes from the Tass Service. There has been more such copy lately than at almost any time since Stalin died. It is Adjubei's most formidable difficulty as editor of a brighter *Izvestia*.

He has managed to dispose of the lesser items among this largely ceremonial guff—reports of ambassadors' comings and goings, government appointments and awards, formal exchanges of greetings among heads of state, windy resolu-

tions drawn up by regional functionaries—by reducing them to brief paragraphs and running these in a new department, "Official Announcements," somewhat like a court calendar.

But when one of the tedious and usually lengthy "must" stories is considered a major pronouncement, *Izvestia* cannot treat it thus highhandedly, nor is it permitted to rewrite, extracting the news and presenting it under a headline that tells the story. It must carry the complete official text, verbose or not, under the prescribed heading and in the prescribed place on the page. This imperative applies especially to the text of most Soviet diplomatic notes and to the prolix speeches by Soviet and satellite leaders. Even inserting sub-heads to break up the solid expanse of type and to highlight important points is an editorial freedom not lightly exercised.

To conceive of what such strictures do to popular journalism one must imagine a press required to print the text of Cabinet members' speeches and Foreign Office notes; barred from putting headlines over them in place of their titles (HAIL THE ETERNAL AND INVIO-LABLE FRIENDSHIP OF THE SOVIET AND ALBANIAN PEOPLES!—Speech by Comrade Enver Hoxha—*Dearly Beloved Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, dear comrades and friends, residents of Tirana! Allow me, in the name of the Central Committee of our Party of Labor, in the name of the Government of the Republic, in your name, residents of Tirana, and in the name of the whole Albanian people, to greet our dearest and most beloved guests, the representatives of the glorious Soviet people, the delegation of . . .*); virtually forbidden to employ sub-heads, to paraphrase, rewrite or condense, and instructed to carry each speech on the identical page, in the identical position and with the identical typography in all papers.

The result of such dicta is that, while Adjubei has brought individuality to the features and to the inside news display of *Izvestia*, its front page, where most of this "must" copy runs, is frequently almost indistinguishable from that of *Pravda* and other dailies. In the first twenty days of June, a comparatively light period of "must" copy, *Izvestia* surrendered twenty pages, out of the total eighty printed in this period, to the same official guff as appeared identically in

the other papers. Khrushchev's profuse speeches alone accounted for six solid pages in these twenty days. (His speeches, with their Teddy-Roosevelt-like verve, are better reading than most things in the Soviet press, but in their redundancy they cease to be journalistic adornments. Some of Khrushchev's interesting but less judicious statements have been censored out of the versions published in the Soviet Union, and his off-the-cuff remarks at Embassy receptions, grist for headlines all over the world, are not reported at all in the Soviet press.)

The extent of Adjubei's daring in these matters has been less than noteworthy. For example, when Ulbricht and Grotewohl came to Moscow, *Pravda* carried the banner line MUSCOVITES WARMLY WELCOME GERMAN FRIENDS. *Izvestia* and *Pravda* set these streamers in the same size and style of type. Both papers printed the same spread of purely formal airport speeches by the East German leaders and gave the same position to photos of their arrival. All clearly "must."

Adjubei may conceivably find a way to escape this bane. He may become bold enough to deal with official documents as news, presenting readable accounts of them. More likely, however, he will find it easier to continue following orders to display "must" copy textually; then, to compensate for the space this demands, he may seek to obtain a larger paper quota. In Soviet journalism the width of the editor's domain is determined by the space left at his disposal after he has given over the required amount to the super-editors at party headquarters.

The problem of "must not" copy is more difficult. Censorship works its greatest damage upon popular—simplified—journalism. Newspapermen habituated to operating under censorship develop devices that evade it, usually at the expense of simplicity. They create elaborate and awkward conventions that communicate by indirection. The constant resort to familiar, safe formulas enthrones triteness.

There is, for example, the traditional Soviet practice of backing into a story. If a newspaper must report failures and shortcomings, it begins by recounting a few of the regime's well-known achievements, inserts an inevitable "however," and by this circuitous route finally gets

to the troubles that are the nub of the story. If statistics are embarrassing, they are converted to percentages. Output that has "increased 200%" may have increased to 200 units or 200,000—presumably it is none of the reader's business which. It is also common to refer interchangeably to ideal goals and to realities, switching rapidly back and forth as if they were one and the same. This gives rise to an extraordinary mixture of tenses.

In response to these patent evasions the reader acquires his own protective reflexes, which complete the destruction of the reader-news-paper relationship that popular journalism demands. He learns to see a double image on the printed page: not merely what is there, but why. He looks not merely for what is published, but for clues to what might have been omitted. When the newspaper backs into a story, the skilled eye goes right to the "however" and then down the column, the sum of which is as clear a picture of the state of affairs, to the sophisticated reader, as if the writer had been straightforward. A reader can check percentages of change in output against his own experience (how fast is his number moving up on the two or three-year waiting list for cars?) and he sorts out journalistic tenses automatically.

In short, he has his own code for deciphering what he reads in the press, one that any foreign observer knows well after a short stay in Moscow. The Soviet reader knows that when the press is completely silent about some situation of which he is himself aware—a crime wave, let us say—this ordinarily does not mean that there is nothing to report, but that the facts do not bear reporting. An uproar in the press, on the other hand, does not signify that the situation has suddenly become acute, but that it will soon improve; the publicity heralds remedial action.

Most of all, the reader is accustomed to the significance of omission. A lifetime of conditioning has prepared him to deduce from silence what would be plainly spelled out in headlines in most other countries. When Yugoslavia refused to sign the Moscow declaration of the 1957 conference of Communist Parties, this did not have to be stated in print: the Soviet reader simply noted the absence of Yugoslavia from the list of signatories. In the spring of 1958, when

Premier Bulganin was on the way out, the Soviet reader did not have to be told. It is the custom for each of the leaders of the regime to be nominated to the Supreme Soviet in a number of election districts and then to choose the one in which he will run. There were only a few nominations for Bulganin: readers drew their own conclusions.

The regime may even utilize this double vision of the reader's as a means of preparing him for big news. Shortly before the purge of police chief Beria was announced, his name was conspicuously absent from a front page list of high officials attending a performance of a new opera. Sometimes the techniques of indirect communication are employed to convey information which might be embarrassing if plainly stated. The names of many of those purged by Stalin have appeared casually in the press, in the course of historical articles or literary criticism, as a sign that they have been posthumously rehabilitated. Their fate under Stalin has not been mentioned, nor the reason for suddenly bringing up their names after years of silence about them. One of the journalistic conventions is that mention of a name, if not coupled with pejoratives, carries tacit approval of the individual.

At times, indirection in the press is used in tandem with outspoken but off-the-record agitation by party lecturers. A notable case a few years ago was the publication of muzzy references to the cult of an anonymous individual—while a bowdlerized version of Khrushchev's "secret" speech about Stalin's misdeeds was being read out before meetings around the country. Many months of de-Stalinization passed before the "individual" was so much as named in the press. The speech was never published in the Soviet Union.

Conditioned to catching hints and guessing what the censor deleted, the public becomes addicted to rumor. In 1947 a currency reform wiped out the savings of many Soviet citizens. Ten years later in 1957, there was a run on banks and stores; *Pravda* condemned rumors of a fresh currency reform; other papers burst into protestations that the ruble was sound and its purchasing power unaltered. How did the rumors arise? Readers, sensitive to any omission in the press, noted that the time for the an-

nual price reductions announcement had passed without an announcement. *Pravda*, denouncing the rumors, dubbed the Soviet grapevine "the OTS news service," OTS standing for the initials of the words in a Russian expression—*odna tyotya skazala*—freely translated as "an old lady told me."

Rumor is particularly widespread in those matters that concern the living conditions of the people. Where these are concerned, the public scans its papers as a Wall Street investor follows the market. A fine difference of phrasing in the interpretation of a point of Marxist theory may convey to the Soviet reader what he can expect by way of comforts and amenities. A memorable instance occurred in December 1954 when *Pravda* suddenly revived the phrase "preponderant development of production of means of production," an eloquent locution that had fallen into disuse. What this meant was that the party leadership, for which *Pravda* speaks, was deferring the Malenkov promise of consumer goods, in favor of further expansion of heavy industry and development of satellite and missile programs.

To produce a lively popular daily in these circumstances is a feat. Victor Nekrasov, a Soviet writer, described the situation with unusual frankness in the course of an article on his travels in Italy. The article appeared last year in the Moscow literary journal *Novy mir* (New World). Reporting a talk he had with the editor of the Turin edition of *l'Unità*, the Italian Communist daily, Nekrasov expressed surprise that *l'Unità* obtained its foreign news from Western news services and not from the Soviet press. He reported the Italian Communist as replying:

"We have a particular kind of reader, a difficult one. If the Rome-Paris express goes off the tracks,

he wants all the details. How many died, how many injured, a full eyewitness account and photos of the smashed cars and locomotives. But in your country"—again he glanced at me archly—"in your country, judging from your newspapers, even natural calamities don't happen, not to mention railroad accidents. . . . If I were to refrain from reporting accidents and murders or, as you call it, sensationalizing, my circulation would drop and the circulation of some *giorno* or other would rise. Your circulation does not drop. But no doubt there appears what substitutes for missing news in all countries—rumor. It isn't easy to combat it."

The Italian editor went on, criticizing Soviet newspapers for their wordy style.

"And then there is the extreme paucity of news and its unpardonable lateness . . . I don't have the right to be late by a single hour, not by a minute. They'd kick us out."

Commented Nekrasov:

Alas, how right he was about so much! How dull our [morning] papers are sometimes, how sluggish and clumsy. How late they appear—in Kiev sometimes at one or two in the afternoon or even in the evening. But in Rome all newsstands are open by four in the morning and you buy what you want, from the official *Il Messagero* to *l'Unità* and *Avanti*.

As striking as the author's candor is that wistful phrase ". . . and you buy what you want . . ."

Without doubt, Adjubei's new *Izvestia* is closer to what Soviet citizens want than most other Russian dailies. But one test he may never have to face is competition. It seems probable that arrangements could be made at a moment's notice for the publication and sale of a complete translation of *Izvestia* for Western readers—if it were understood that an equal number of copies of a representative Western daily could be sold in free competition in the Soviet Union. But would Mr. Khrushchev ever allow it?



horatio greenough and the art of the machine age

The 19th century American sculptor who scandalized his countrymen with a George Washington nude from the waist up, who sculptured the children and dogs of the best families, foresaw the central lessons in design of Wright, LeCorbusier, & Sullivan—and put them eloquently.

by JAMES M. FITCH

Had the nineteenth century followed the advice of an extraordinary, scandal-arousing, and now obscure, artist and essayist named Horatio Greenough (1805-1852), instead of that of Pugin, Ruskin and Morris, its sorry record of tormented esthetics and design might well have been telescoped, if not by-passed altogether. More, it might have heard some of the most original and eloquent philosophical statements to be made in that century on art in an industrial society. For this Yankee sculptor, at the very dawn of American industrial production, foresaw both its promise and its dangers for design.

To begin with, it was he, and not Louis Sullivan in the nineties, who first formulated the notion that in architecture, as in Nature, all form should derive from function. It was Greenough at that time, and not Frank Lloyd Wright in the

early 1900's, who first raised the demand that architectural ornament and embellishment should be an organic part of structure. It was Greenough who, eighty years before LeCorbusier, pointed out that buildings should be regarded as machines, designed to produce comfort and convenience for their inhabitants. And it was he, and not the Walter Gropius of the pre-Hitler *Bauhaus*, who was first to declare that the men who built machines and ships were often closer to the essence of art than the professional artists.

There is not the slightest reason to suppose that any of these four great figures of modern architecture ever heard of Greenough (though he was written about and befriended by such distinguished men of his time as Emerson and Charles Sumner), much less that they had read his essays. These were published between 1843 and 1852. The oblivion into which his theories sank after his premature death in 1852, separating him from the very men who might have most profited from his thinking, completes the paradox of his career.

Greenough was not an architect but a sculptor—and not even, by modern standards, a very good sculptor. He was not a professional writer

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Greenough on his WASHINGTON: "The same purblind squeamishness, which gazed without alarm at the lascivious fandango, awoke with a roar at the colossal nakedness of Washington's manly breast."

or critic, having first taken up the pen in self-defense when his early sculptures came under savage attack in this country for their nudity. He had no first-hand acquaintance with modern industrial production, his whole adult life having been spent in non-industrialized Tuscany. Yet no one saw the possibilities of industrial methods more clearly than he. Harvard (from which he graduated in 1825) taught him none of the anatomy, biology and evolutionary theories which informed his adult work; yet few artists have made a more deliberate effort to use science as an instrument for understanding Nature and mastering the problems of design.

That Greenough was an extremely well-informed layman is clear from his writing, and from the comments of his contemporaries. "A man of large powers and various accomplishments," George Hilliard wrote of him, "in whom the practice of his art was but one mode of intellectual expression . . . He has read and thought much upon art, and those laws of beauty which art interprets. His general cultivation is ripe and full . . . no one could meet him without feeling that he was a superior man." The statesman

Charles Sumner wrote that "Greenough at Florence is a wonderful fellow, an accomplished man and a master of his art—I doubt not, the most accomplished artist alive." He was, Sumner found, "a thinker of great force and a scholar who does not trust to translation but goes to the great originals." And Emerson, that cool New England sage, found "his face so handsome and his person so well formed . . . a superior man, ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity." In fact, said Emerson, Greenough's was "quite the most magnanimous theory of art and artists I have ever chanced to hear from one of themselves."

Elevated or not, effective theories of art do not come simply from wide reading. Theory must be checked against practice or, as Greenough put it, against "tangible, palpable, everyday truths." Actually, his theories seem to have been slow in maturation, worked out through much pedestrian work in the studio. His speculations begin, necessarily, with the human figure in its two aspects—the general (or "ideal," as it was then called) and the particular—that is, the portrait.

The latter aspect ruled the professional sculptor's market. Generally speaking, the criterion in portraiture was a facsimile of the subject, a "speaking likeness," though the ladies commonly asked for dimples instead of pouches and the men, occasionally, for different types of beards or hair-dos. The material was always Carrara marble—as white as paper, as anonymous as lard. It had a close, even texture without veining or flaws. It was as easily manipulated by the skilled Florentine carvers who actually produced the sculpture as was the clay or plaster in which the artist did his model. It was, in short, a black-and-white, three-dimensional equivalent of the daguerreotype so soon to be invented.

In his marble portraiture, Greenough was strictly documentary. And in this respect he was so successful that, by 1839, he felt compelled to raise his fees to one hundred napoleons per bust. "I care not if I never get any more orders of that sort," he wrote to his brother. "Our good folk think statues can be turned out like yards of sheeting." And so, sorry to say, they could—at least when his American clients came to his Florence studio. But, as his fame spread, Greenough received an increasing number of commissions from good folk who did not come to sit for

him but ordered by mail. The customary documentation in such cases consisted of "casts" (life—or death—masks), oil portraits, pencil sketches. These were not always adequate. In a letter of August 1837, he observes

with disappointment that there is no portrait of Mrs. Emily Otis. How this happened, whether from Alexander's or Mr. Otis' unwillingness to have a good picture cross the water, I cannot decide; but this is sure, that I cannot risk a bust made from the cast alone . . . what I have is useful but will not suffice.

He received the necessary portrait later. In this same letter, he acknowledges receipt of a batch of sketches of a client's child, but complains, now, of too much data. "Had it been an old man's head, I would be sanguine; but these little milk sponges are so subtle in their forms, so difficult to copy under the most favorable circumstances, that I fear it will be labor lost."

Often the elegant art of portraiture embraced family pets. Greenough's research here is quite as careful as if he planned the portrait of a duchess. "I have begun Perkin's dog, and have had the very deuce of a time for want of a model. Madame Catalini's is dead and buried, and that of the Grand Duke dead and stuffed, and I don't know which is most entirely out of my line. I am going to send to Paris for a good lithograph which, with a St. Bernard specimen, must answer."

The problem of accurate documentation troubled him, even in his "ideal" works. Typical of the seriousness with which he approached his subject matter was his work on *The Rescue*, a monumental group ordered by President Van Buren in 1837 for the US Capitol. Charles Sumner who saw it half finished in the sculptor's studio, described it thus:

The woman is on the ground, so that she does not conceal the Indian, who is naked (except for an accidental [sic] fold about his loins); and the settler who appears above the savage, restraining his fury, is dressed in a hunter's shirt and cap. The passions are various—the child, the mother, the father, the husband, the savage, the defender, etc.; and all these various characters are blended in a group.

These several passions and the forms they demanded had not come easily to Greenough: when Sumner saw the group, he had already been at work on it for a number of years. Nor did he consider it complete until 1851, when he added the family dog to the composition. The figure of the Indian troubled him especially. Though

he had met, admired and sketched a group of Cherokee chiefs in Washington in 1828, he did not trust his memory. He wrote repeatedly for documentation—"skulls, dresses and drawings."

The Rescue differed from most "ideal" groups in that it dealt not with allegorical figures—a favorite subject of Victorian sculpture—but with actual events which had scarcely become history. Here, as elsewhere, Greenough's goal was a kind of documentary realism. His first studies for a group portrait of the Sears children proposed to show "the little daughter teaching her brother to read." And when the parents found this proposal "somewhat too matter-of-fact," Greenough then modeled in clay a composition "in which the daughter has a squirrel held by a string, and her brother is trying to make it play about." This attempt at stop-watch action in a sculptural group reached an apogee in Greenough's portrait of the Thompson brothers. This consisted of two life-size statues of the young lads, designed to occupy diagonally opposite corners of the Thompson drawing room in Boston. One of the boys, by Greenough's description, "stands with the shuttlecock ready to let drive at his brother, who is standing ready for it." The statues, he adds, seem "to please everybody highly, for the novelty and the expressive action."

We may have our doubts that such non-sculptural commitment to specific action was entirely successful esthetically, even for his contemporaries; a modern observer will either smile or flinch. And yet such experiments show us Greenough's attempts to free sculpture from the dead grip of neoclassicism, preparing the way for greater freedom in both subject matter and formal composition. Whatever his accomplishments here, his ambitions extended far beyond mere technical invention and dexterity. These, he says, are no guarantees of great art:

The Flemings devoted to the exact image of an oyster floating in its shell, or a wineglass twinkling in the light, more *apparent* delicacy of the hand and eye than the Italians had when they dared to draw the profile of Christ. [Yet] Beato Angelico takes you to heaven with less drawing and color than those Dutchmen required to show you a butcher shop . . . The real difficulty both in Art and letters seems to be not to do—but to know what to do and where to stop.

In his revolt against neoclassicism, Greenough seems to have had the company of his sculp-



THE RESCUE, a very "documentary" work commissioned by President Van Buren for the U. S. Capitol in 1837, was not considered complete by Greenough until 1851, when he added the family dog.

tural contemporaries—the Americans, Hiram Powers and Thomas Crawford; the Italians, Bartolini and Dupres. In fact, even the Grand Ducal *Accademia delle Belle Arti* was the scene of a revolution. Dupres, in his *Memoirs*, writes that when Lorenzo Bartolini was appointed Master of Sculpture in 1841 "he took possession of the school with the air of a conqueror . . . he prohibited all study from statues, and restricted the whole system of teaching to an imitation of nature only; and he pushed this principle so far that he introduced a hunchback into the school and made the young students copy him. This daring novelty raised a shout of indignation."

Giovanni Dupres himself had been a center of the same controversy when his sculpture *The*

Dying Abel, was first shown at the Academy in the fall of 1842. "Its truth to nature . . . made a great impression" upon the public, Dupres wrote. It was so accurate a picture of the young model, in fact, that other artists claimed it was a mere cast from life—not art at all. These men

obliged the model, Antonio Petrai, to undress, and, laying him down in the same position as the statue, they proceeded with compasses and strips of paper to take all the measures of his body in length and breadth. Naturally, they did not agree in a single measure; for without intending to or thinking about it, I had made my statue four fingers taller and two fingers narrower across the back.

In Greenough's first important public commission—resulting in a memorable scandal—the

George Washington ordered by the US Government for the Capitol Rotunda, we begin to see the special qualities of his mind, if not his art. Here he is confronted with a tantalizing mixture of the ideal and the documentary. The statue, by definition, must be heroic: but it must also be Washington. Both rationalization and research are called for. He has followed Houdon's head of Washington closely, he writes his brother, but he has also studied closely all the painted portraits. Like all the other portraitists, he ignored the smallpox scars with which Washington's face was pitted. Like them, too, he accepted the prognathous jaw produced by Dr. John Flagg's set of false teeth. Some liberties were desirable. He "found it necessary, while adhering to the way of dressing the hair which you observe in the portraits of Washington, to open and loosen it more about the head. A smooth head looks weak and mean," he saw, when enlarged to heroic proportions.

So far, the work was documentary. But when it came to clothing the figure, Greenough faced the crucial issue of his conception. Given the classic revival atmosphere of the late 1830's, the decision to clothe the Father of His Country in a Roman toga was by no means eccentric. But the decision to drop the toga from the shoulder to the waist was both drastic and courageous. Nudity was dangerous, as he had learned from the furor that greeted the public showing of his *Chanting Cherubs* in Boston in 1831. Yet it was nude to the waist that Greenough elected to sculpture his Washington.

He felt that he had no choice: "Had I been ordered to make a statue for a square or other similar situation in the metropolis, I should have represented Washington on horseback, and in his usual dress, and have made my work a purely historical one. I have [instead] treated the subject poetically, and I confess I should feel pain at seeing it placed in direct and flagrant contrast with everyday life."

As expected, a howl of shock went up when the statue was unveiled. Though the sculptor was not present to make his own defense, he had stalwart friends who were, and they did their best. His friend, the banker Alexander Everett wrote:

To preserve the costume of the period, already out of fashion, would have been unsuitable . . . The colossal size, the antique drapery, the more youthful air

of the face are circumstances which, without impairing the truth to nature, increase very much the moral impression, and instead of furnishing grounds of objection, are positive merits of high importance.

George Calvert wrote from Newport:

If the artist clothes him with the toga of civil authority, he represents the great statesman; if with uniform and spurs, the great general . . . He was both; but he was more than both . . . to invest the colossal image of so towering, so everlasting a man, with the insignia of temporary office is to fail in presenting a complete image of him.

And Edward Everett, the orator, thundered this eulogium:

I regard Greenough's *Washington* as one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times . . . whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception, the truth of the character, or, what we must own we feel less able to judge of, the accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill.

But these loyal friends were side-stepping the central issue. It was nudity, not anachronism, which outraged Washington society. The irate congressmen were shocked not by the toga but by the powerful masculine torso it exposed. Greenough understood the issue and tackled it head-on. He recalled that "the infantine forms" of his *Chanting Cherubs* "had roused an outcry of censure which . . . all the harlot dancers who have found an El Dorado in these Atlantic cities have failed to reawaken." Now, a decade later, history had repeated itself: "The same purblind squeamishness, which gazed without alarm at the lascivious fandango, awoke with a roar at the colossal nakedness of Washington's manly breast."

This purblind squeamishness, this refusal to face the facts of the body and the beauty of the naked human form, disturbed Greenough more and more. "The assertion that the human body is other than a fit exponent and symbol of the human being is a falsehood . . . In nakedness I behold the majesty of the essential, instead of the trappings of pretension." And this morbid mincing puritanism "which has cloaked and crippled and smothered the human body" is precisely what produces immorality. Even the "harlot dancer" must be considered in this light. Though he shares his period's inability to distinguish between a professional prostitute and a professional dancer, he comes eloquently to the

defense of both.

Feeling a void in our hearts, amid the negative requirements of the lawgiver and the priest, we ask the spectacle at least of untrammelled life, and hire the dancing girl to give [us] a vicarious grace and joy [which has been] driven from among us by a sour and one-sided dogma.

There is sin here, Greenough tells us, grievous sin—"not in the light of that eye that flashes, not in the music of that frame that takes captive the senses, not in the panting of that perhaps virgin bosom—but in the hiring divorce of these phenomena from their normal and organic sequence in human life. *There* lies the prostitution."

Thus, by the terms of his own logic, Greenough is led directly from a defense of Washington's "manly breast" to that of the dancer's "perhaps virgin" bosom. In the first decade of Victoria's reign, this argument is remarkable for its courage and candor (even though, as he reminds himself, "God's care upholds us with so many pounds to the square inch of pressure on every side"). But his exploration of human beauty was not only ethical. He was, after all, a sculptor; and he explores his subject matter not merely as one who has drawn from the casts of the *Academia* but also as an anatomist who has worked in the dissecting rooms of the medical school in Florence. And it was here that he checked and rechecked his evolving theory of beauty against palpable biological fact.

Each historical period formulates a set of esthetic standards which it imagines to be absolute. The rejection of these standards promptly becomes almost ritual for the finest minds of that epoch. Eighteenth-century esthetic standards had been precisely defined by the English esthetician-turned-statesman, Edmund Burke, in his book *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful*. The book remained unchallenged in Greenough's day. The way in which Greenough's observation and practice illuminated his theory is wonderfully clear in his essay, *Burke on the Beautiful*. One by one he takes Burke's meager absolutes—smoothness, smallness, delicacy, etc.—and demolishes them. There are, for example, many smoothnesses.

It is a relative quality . . . the smoothness of the eyeball is on the one hand, a ball-and-socket smooth-

ness like that of the head of the femur and the acetabulum, a lubricated smoothness. It is, on the other hand, a crystalline smoothness, related to the function of transmitting light and color. The smoothness of cutlery, as it comes from the hand of the artisan, is an organic smoothness. The perfection of the polish proclaims the entireness of the promise. It begins to lose that polish as soon as its action commences and at last retains mainly the beauty of form.

Smallness? Delicacy of color? But these describe the repulsive skin disease of impetigo quite as accurately as they do the painting of Watteau. Burke's absolutes, in short, are absolutely relative.

In such comments, we begin to see Greenough's position. Both as artist and as critic, he is fighting through a jungle of esthetic formalism. Independent beauty does not exist: the periwig, the bound foot, the long fingernail—these are creatures of convention, "ridiculous except in the time, place and circumstances that gave them value." Nor can he find any abstract form that is universally beautiful. Hogarth's line of beauty, the S-curve, is indeed beautiful on the horse's flank: "but transfer it to his metatarsal bone and you have a cripple." Everything is relative.

If Greenough's passionate interest in the forms and processes of life kept him from the prudery of his Puritan ancestors, it was equally effective against the squeamish romanticism of his transcendentalist friends. It was the very hey-day of cemetery art yet nobody looked death in the eye. "The sight of a skull, whether of man or beast" caused "an instinctive horror" to most Victorians. But scientists, he knew, felt no such revulsion "because they have minutely investigated its relation to *life*. All its forms, surfaces and dimensions speak of its former contents, vestures and capacities." For such men "that pale, spheroidal dome is a model of the globe, those lackluster eyeless holes . . . echo the distant sun."

His interest embraces all forms of life. All he finds equally remarkable and all he discusses in terms of scientific precision. He shares his period's fondness for the lily but he speculates that its beauty must have a functional origin. "It is arrayed in heavenly beauty because it is organized, both in shape and color, to dose the germ of future lilies with atmospheric and solar influence." "Since the tints, as well as the forms, of plants and flowers are shown to have an

organic significance and value," a functional necessity lies behind their beauty. This, he begins to generalize, must be true throughout nature. Even in the depths of the ocean he finds the indigenous animals furnished "with complicated glands and absorbents to nourish those dyes" which give them their beautiful colors. And he cannot delude himself into thinking that all this is done merely "to charm my idle eye as they are tossed in disorganized ruin upon the beach."

Everywhere he finds the modification of the organism to meet its environment. If submarine life is often blind and eyeless, the reason is obvious. "The eye is the creature of the sun: for I find it made in [the sun's] own image, and I seek it in vain in such fishes, for instance, as know him not."

I find the length of the vertebrae of the neck in grazing quadrupeds increased, so as to bring the incisors to the grass; I find the vertebrae shortened in beasts of prey, in order to enable the brute to bear away his victims; if I find the wading birds on stilts, the strictly aquatic birds with paddles; if, in pushing still further the investigation, I find color arrayed either for disguise or aggression, [then] I feel justified in taking the ground that organization is the primal law of structure.

Life, he begins to understand, is *process*. "The significance of yesterday, today and tomorrow is this, that we are in a state of development" and this "law of development . . . can only be withstood by perishing." What is the direction of this development? What else but the "*unflinching adaptation of forms to functions*"?

This concept of evolution, though shared already by some scientists and thinkers, was formulated a full decade before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and illuminates Greenough's whole field of vision. If function is the source of form in nature, then why not also in art? "We [men] must make the shapes, and can only effect this by mastering the principles." And we can only do this by following nature's principles: "First, by strict adaptation of forms to functions; second, by the gradual elimination of all that is irrelevant and impertinent." How true this had always been of human artifacts became very clear to him, one January day in 1843, when he and Ralph Waldo Emerson went to the Patent Office in Washington to see a newly-mounted exhibit of "curios" from the

South Seas. They stopped to admire a ceremonial war club and Greenough reconstructs the process by which the Polynesian warrior had arrived at its finished form.

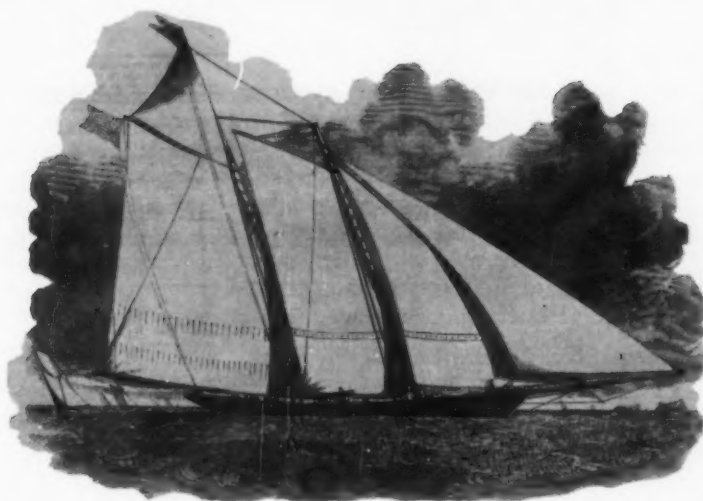
His first thought is of its use. His first efforts pare the long shaft, and mold the convenient handle; then the heavier end gradually takes the edge that cuts, while it retains the weight that stuns. His idle hour [then] divides its surface by lines and curves, or embosses it with figures that please his eye or are linked with his superstition.

It is sufficiently notable that a Protestant American, in the very decade when his missionaries were launching a great campaign to bring civilization to "the heathen head hunter," could view this instrument with such detachment. That he could further view it as a work of art seems downright remarkable. He praises it for "its effective shape, its Etruscan-like quaintness, its graceful form and subtle outline. We admire," he says, "and yet we neglect the lesson it might teach." What is this lesson—for the West in the throes of the Industrial Revolution? He formulates it with electrifying precision:

If we compare the form of a newly invented machine with the perfected type of the same instrument, we observe, as we trace it through the phases of improvement, how weight is shaken off where strength is less needed, how functions are made to approach without impeding each other, how straight becomes curved, and the curve is straightened, till the straggling and cumbersome becomes the compact, effective and beautiful engine.

Today, a quarter of a century after the *Bauhaus*, this is a familiar thesis, subscribed to (if not always followed) by designers the world over. But where, among Greenough's contemporaries, in the decade which applauded Barry's Houses of Parliament, can one find another architectural critic whose theory of building is this: "A scientific arrangement of spaces and forms [adapted] to functions and to site; an emphasis of features proportioned to their *graded* importance in function; colour and ornament to be decided and arranged and varied by strictly organic laws, having a distinct reason for each decision; and the entire and immediate banishment of all make believe."

In measuring the inadequacies of the new architecture around him, he adopts the standards of technology and engineering. In fact, for all practical purposes, buildings "*may be called ma-*



The yacht AMERICA: "Here is the result of the study of man upon the great deep, where Nature spake the laws of building, not in the feather and the flower, but in wind and wave, and he bent all his mind to hear and to obey."

chines [italics added], each individual of which must be formed with reference to the abstract type of its species." Why not design them accordingly? Then

no longer could the mere tyro huddle together a crowd of ill-arranged, ill-lighted and stifled rooms and, masking the chaos behind the sneaking copy of a Greek facade, usurp the name of architect. If this anatomic connection and proportion has been attained in ships, in machines and . . . in such buildings as make a departure from it fatal, as in bridges and scaffolding, why should we fear its immediate use in all construction?

If only architects would follow the design principles of the Yankee Clipper ships! Here is "the result of the manly use of plain good sense, so like that of taste, and genius too . . . Mark the majestic form of her hull as she rushes through the water, observe the graceful transition from round to flat, the grasp of her keel, the leap of her bows, the symmetry and rich tracery of her spars and rigging and those grand wind muscles, her sails! Behold an organization second only to that of an animal . . . What academy of design, what research of connoisseurship, what imitation of the Greeks, produced this marvel of construction? Here is the result of the study of man upon the great deep, where Nature spake the the laws of building, not in the feather and the flower, but in wind and wave, and he bent all his mind to hear and to obey."

Thus, as did Gropius eighty years later, Greenough realizes that the old aristocratic academies will never produce the designers of the new epoch. New institutions will be required and they must learn from industry. "The men who have reduced locomotion to its simplest elements,

in the trotting wagon and the yacht *America*, are nearer to Athens at this moment than they who would bend the Greek temple to every use. I contend for Greek principles, not Greek things. If a flat sail goes nearest the wind, a bellying sail, though picturesque, must be given up. The slender harness and tall gaunt wheels [of the trotting wagon] are not only effective, they are beautiful—for they respect the beauty of the horse and do not uselessly task him." From this, it followed that "the mechanics of the United States have already outstripped the artists and have, by their bold and unflinching adaptation, entered the true track and hold up the light for all who operate for American wants."

Such analogies, drawn alike from primitive weapons and modern machines, are rare enough in a nineteenth-century artist and critic: but the attitude towards the craftsmen behind them—Polynesian head hunter or Newburyport shipwright—are, for a nineteenth-century gentleman, rarer still. They display none of that endemic snobbery which vitiates so much of the century's critical opinion; and they grow directly from Greenough's social and political perspectives. In his confidence in science and democracy he stands in direct opposition to men like Ruskin. He was, like Jefferson, a thorough-going, bouyant democrat, with faith in the taste and ability of the common people. For it was they who "have decided the rank of the statesmen, the poets and the artists of the world. It is the great multitude for whom all really great things are done, and said, and suffered. The great multitude deserves the best of everything and, in the long run, is the best judge of it."

Political Bias and the Social Sciences

Answering the charge that social scientists distort their findings from a "liberal bias," a sociologist with a radical view of the profession makes a different, sharper charge against it.

by DENNIS H. WRONG

It has long been argued that a science of man and society comparable in its attainments to physics is impossible because human beings are incurably biased when they examine their own doings rather than stars, atoms, or amoebae. Recent critics of social science have been less inclined to stress the ubiquity of bias in general as a bar to objectivity than to point to particular political and moral beliefs that are supposed to be influencing the work of contemporary social scientists. Often it is asserted that there is a necessary affinity between social science and a leftist, secularist outlook.

Such critics have recently been supplied with impressive ammunition by the social scientists themselves—in the voluminous information on the political views of social science professors that is contained in Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Wag-

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ner Thielens' *The Academic Mind*. As Seymour Martin Lipset reported in the Fall 1958 issue of the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM, Lazarsfeld and Thielens confirm by the most up-to-date techniques of sociological investigation that American social scientists are preponderantly "liberal" and "leftist" in outlook, whether these vague labels are understood to mean simply an electoral preference for Democrats over Republicans, or whether they indicate more comprehensive attitudes toward social change, equalitarianism, and traditional beliefs in general. Conservative partisans, including several contributors to the FORUM's letters column in the succeeding issue, have exultantly seized upon this evidence to support their conviction that the social sciences make bogus claims to being scientific while actually producing little more than propaganda or special pleading for the ideological views of social scientists.

Most often it turns out to be sociology that is seen as the worst offender. True, a lot of ink has been spilled in efforts to show that historians have distorted the past by looking too charitably upon radical anticapitalist movements, or that economists have been converted by a sinister Englishman to dangerous statist and "creeping socialist" doctrines. But sociology's claims to understand human conduct inevitably seem more total than those of the older social sciences. And sociologists talk interminably about being scientific, having embraced more unreservedly than anyone else the two-centuries-old vision of a science of man modelled on the physical sciences. Thus the accusation of bias is both more shattering to the self-image of sociology and seems to warrant greater indignation and louder cries of stinking fish from its critics.

In its crudest form the charge of ideological motivation is clearly a slander, betraying an almost total ignorance of the bulk of contemporary work in sociology. Informed critics of sociology are far more likely to accuse it of sterility and triviality than of rampant bias. And a glance at any current journal in the field will in fact reveal the remoteness of the most admired and strongly supported contemporary research and theory from the larger problems of current history.

Moreover, the most fundamental methodological dogma of modern social science—most firmly held in sociology and in the so-called “behavioral sciences”—is an insistence on the absolute distinction between facts (including theories explaining them) and values. Behavioral scientists dread being caught out making “value judgments” or using “value-loaded” terminology—dread it to a degree that is easily satirized by less inhibited and more old-fashioned scholars. Nineteenth-century thinkers, including the founders of modern sociology, usually took the opposite view: they were convinced that from scientific knowledge of human affairs we could draw definite and unambiguous conclusions as to how we ought to act; that, to put it a little differently, the notion of a scientific ethics or social philosophy was not the contradiction in terms it is generally considered to be today. The shift in outlook could hardly be more complete. Far from wanting to use their knowledge to change the world, contemporary sociologists are primarily concerned with winning public acceptance of their discipline as a full-fledged profession resting on trained expertise. And this aim inevitably entails insistence on its scientific and ideologically neutral character.

The impact on the social sciences of the ideas of Marx, Veblen, Freud and Mannheim has (paradoxically, considering the large visions of these men) contributed to the spread of a limited, technicist point of view that eschews moral evaluation and political involvement. Sociologists have acquired from these thinkers a “distrust of reason” that extends even to reason’s most humble minion, “common sense,” a conviction that bias is pervasive, ineradicable, and sure to filter into all intellectual activity that is not rigorously self-conscious and subject to special controls. That bias can be a source of truth as well as of error they rarely acknowledge. In its most extreme form, as Reinhard Bendix has pointed out in *Social Science and the Distrust of Reason* (a brilliant but characteristically neglected essay), the total elimination of intellectual judgment and its replacement by statistical routines for collecting and showing the interrelations between facts becomes the real meaning of the effort to make the social sciences more scientific.

Two apparently contrasting intellectual approaches dominate American sociology at present and they express most fully both its aspiration to win acclaim as a science and its related obsession with objectivity. One of them, sometimes called “theory” by its practitioners, consists essentially in the creation and logical manipulation of a highly abstract, polysyllabic language for talking about human conduct, a language which is capable of articulating, though inelegantly, much of what we already know but one which has not proved to be of the slightest aid to the discovery of anything new. The second school, which attracts far more practitioners because of its greater market value outside the academy, occupies itself with the elaboration and perfection of ever-more precise techniques for the collection and statistical manipulation of facts about large numbers of human beings. Both efforts are valuable within limits, but today they rule the field so completely that work on problems which are not readily susceptible to the deductive formalism of the one and the quantitative exactitude of the other tends to be denigrated as “journalism” or “literary sociology.” Unfortunately, most of the live issues of politics and history are of just this sort.

In the preceding paragraph I have summarized the major criticisms of contemporary sociology made by C. Wright Mills in his new book *The Sociological Imagination*, although I have done so unwittingly since I read his book only after completion of the first draft of this article. Moreover, Mills’ view of the proper relation between values, awareness of contemporary history, and social science is also similar to my own. Mills is, of course, a thoroughgoing “political man” and a radical critic of American institutions. Yet most of the great sociological thinkers whose image he believes to be too dimly reflected in the current preoccupations of American sociologists were not radicals; some of them—Durkheim, Mosca, and Schumpeter, for example—are more accurately classified as conservatives. The point needs to be made because those who do not accept Mills’ diagnosis of contemporary America may be inclined to view his present indictment of sociology suspiciously and think that he is simply demanding that social science share his own *ideological* position. Except for

occasional lapses, I do not think he is guilty of this in *The Sociological Imagination*. Indeed, much of what he says should be acceptable to all who acknowledge Reason and Freedom as prime values, including many who define themselves as "conservatives."

But sociology is not yet totally apolitical and some sociologists continue to concern themselves with pressing contemporary problems. What happens, then, when their positivist commitment to science and their liberal ideological outlook come into play at the same time, as in research on such subjects as racial and religious discrimination, threats to civil liberties, social classes and the limits to human equality, and the social preconditions for a healthy political democracy?

The first thing to note is that when it comes to facts alone, sociologists have, liberal bias or no, accumulated in recent years a mass of information refuting many of the cherished beliefs about our society held in the 1930's and early 1940's by left-liberal partisans who had been influenced by Marxist cliches. Social research has shown, for example, that opportunities for social mobility have, if anything, increased rather than decreased in America; that race prejudice, far from being a bourgeois trait, is more common and more intense among low-income and working-class groups; that militant political class-consciousness appears to have declined in nearly all segments of the population; and that there is no necessary relationship between economic liberalism—i.e., support for New Deal welfare programs—and dedication to civil liberties. Nothing better refutes indiscriminate charges of bias than the existence of studies whose findings clearly run counter to the imputed bias of their authors.

But of course the matter is a good deal more complicated than this. Sociologists are obviously not out-and-out preachers or propagandists, or even politicians running for office, and their values are far less likely to be manifest in their techniques of observation and the factual findings of their research than in their initial selection of problems for study, their interpretation of the findings, and the tacit assumptions underlying both the design of the research and the final interpretative judgments.

Dedicated to the ideal of total scientific objectivity, disposed to believe that all values are sub-intellectual, visceral reactions to be equated with "tastes," and yet strongly partisan with respect to many of the conflicts and controversies of our society, the modern sociologist often resolves this dilemma by seeking factual, instrumental, or psychiatric grounds for, in Paul Kecskemeti's words, "rejecting certain types of behavior which [he] would like to reject on other, moral grounds but dares not."

Thus the sociologist seeks to show that racial and ethnic discrimination is damaging to the mental health of both its victims and its practitioners. Or he tries to demonstrate that barriers to equality of opportunity impair the "efficiency" of our society by preventing us from making full use of the range of talent available in the population. Or he shows that political conservatism, militant anti-Communism, and regular church attendance are statistically correlated in opinion surveys with ethnic prejudice and authoritarian, anti-democratic personality traits. But even if the findings are positive in all of these instances, there are other questions which should be asked before any implications for policy can be drawn from them.

May there not be circumstances under which discrimination and segregation buttress the mental health of members of the groups involved? Might not psychological tensions resulting from the stepped-up competition for high positions created by the abolition of all barriers to opportunity be so intense as to outweigh the gains in "efficiency" achieved by the fuller use of talent? Can we really conclude that the association of conservative, anti-Communist, and religious beliefs with anti-democratic attitudes is in any way relevant to the merits of these beliefs as such? May it not be that the opinion survey findings simply reflect the cramped, unimaginative support of the status quo which usually characterizes the majority of the population in all times and places? When empirical findings complement their liberal convictions, sociologists are too often inclined to let the matter rest and to fail to raise additional questions of this sort. Moreover, they may in their roles as citizens and leaders and advisers of liberal action groups cite their research findings as "scientific" support for liberal programs.

When this happens, the lines between the Good, the True, the Useful, and the Mentally Healthy become blurred. Possible conflicts and discrepancies between these desiderata are obscured. Would the liberal sociologist abandon his belief in the wrongness of, say, racial segregation if his research revealed that it was *not* damaging to mental health or that it did *not* rest on demonstrably false "stereotypes"? That he would do so is most improbable. Is there not, then, something patronizing in his seeming to ask other people to adopt his views on grounds different from those that support his own adherence to them? Not to speak of the danger that, should his facts turn out to be wrong or should the situation change, he might find himself hoist by his own petard and left in a position in which his opposition to segregation could be made to appear entirely arbitrary and capricious.

Both the ideal of scientific objectivity and the moral integrity of liberalism suffer damage when social scientists resort to such strategies of argument. The remedy, however, does not lie in redoubled efforts to divorce social science research from value considerations, still less in encouraging the withdrawal of social scientists from involvement in partisan activities. In fact, I think that it is the shamefaced attitude towards values encouraged by the positivist canons of contemporary social science rather than failure to discover methods and concepts which guarantee objectivity that chiefly accounts for the forms of bias I have described.

What is required is more sensitive awareness of the inevitable interaction between factual knowledge and values. Insistence on their *logical disjunction* need not prevent recognition of their *psychological connection* and of the modes of reasoning from fact to value and vice-versa to which this connection gives rise. The social scientist too often clings to an early and narrow "logical positivist" view of the fact-value dualism and ignores more recent trends in philosophy which, while not denying the basic distinction, nevertheless recognize a rational dimension in moral and political discourse.

Allegiance to liberalism, radicalism, or conservatism, the three great philosophical perspectives on politics and history, rests primarily on autonomous evaluations, on free moral

choices. Yet ultimately these choices are not independent of conceptions of human nature and of the way the world is, conceptions shaped increasingly by the evidence of the social sciences. Perhaps this is so obvious as to be scarcely worth mentioning. But most discussions of bias in the social sciences misconceive and obscure, at least by implication, the nature of the continuous interplay that takes place between morality and knowledge.

The very term "bias" connotes prejudice, literally "pre-judgment"—something that is antecedent to one's search for and appraisal of the facts—and that looks very much like the serpent in the Garden of Science, distorting and destroying our capacities for dispassionate observation and judgment. The habit, itself derived from scientific modes of thought, of identifying all mental activity with the methodological steps followed in solving research problems reinforces the tendency to see values as biases. The solution of a particular research problem involves, ideally at least, the mustering of an array of concepts viewed as "tools," the derivation from them of a "hypothesis," and its "testing" by technical methods of observation. Values clearly have no place in this process and their presence is readily seen as intrusive "bias."

A different view is possible, however, if we consider the relation between our values and our general knowledge of human conduct instead of focusing on scientific method as it operates in restricted research. Science cannot prove the correctness of a political or moral position, but thoughtful men do not regard their values as existing in a realm separate from and extrinsic to scientific knowledge.

Thus, to revert to one of my previous illustrations, the liberal sociologist's disapproval of racial segregation, though independent of current research suggesting that segregation harms the mental health of Negroes and Whites, is not independent of the general knowledge he possesses of man and society. He believes in racial equality on moral grounds, but he also knows as a social scientist that racial differences in cultural achievement and antipathies between races are not rooted in biology and that historical experience elsewhere indicates that racial equality combined with racial amity is an attainable goal for America.

Before it can be attained, however, much turmoil, bitterness, and political struggle are being generated by efforts to improve the Negro's status. Increased animosity between races and acute psychological strain in those most directly involved are inevitable. (Did school integration improve the mental health of the nine Negro students who attended Little Rock Central High School for a year?) The liberal sociologist ought to be able to recognize that someone else, acknowledging the same facts about race differences and historical possibilities but less committed to equalitarian ideals, may conclude that the turbulence and tension created by political and legal action to change race relations are not worth the price and that events should be allowed to follow their own course. Admittedly, few opponents of desegregation have taken this view: the South's "peculiar institutions" have usually been upheld by the pseudo-scientific ideology of racism. This has made it all the easier for liberal social scientists to blur the fact that discrimination and segregation are fundamentally matters of justice and morality rather than issues of biology, psychiatry, or cost-accounting to be decided by scientific research.

Scientism and narrow professionalism would meet with greater resistance in modern social science if academic liberalism were a less pallid, comfortable and conformist creed. As Mr. Lipset pointed out, liberalism is a majority viewpoint on the campus. But it has become in recent years a diffuse climate of opinion breathed in with the surrounding air and exhibited only occasionally, usually at election time, as a kind of personal credential, rather than a vigorous body of principle continuously sharpened and revised in regular confrontation with political reality. The remote, passionless, and ritualistic quality of academic liberalism accounts both for the frequent naivete of professors on such questions as the totalitarian nature of Communism and for the blandness and lack of outrage, commented on by Lionel Trilling in his long review of *The Academic Mind* in *The Griffin*, displayed by professors who seemed to take it for granted that they were proper objects of persecution by right-wing extremists and that trimming their sails to the prevailing winds was the appropriate response.

The charge that sociology reveals a liberal bias is usually made by non-sociologists. The fashionable intellectual movement known as the "New Conservatism" has been confined largely to historians and political scientists and has found few recruits in sociology. On the contrary, the most vigorous critics inside that field—C. Wright Mills is a case in point—have argued that its reigning tendencies reflect a *de facto* conservative bias: its social theory neglects historical change in its classically conservative emphasis on the stability and harmony of the social order, and its empirical researchers too readily sell their skills to powerful business and government bureaucracies. Paradoxically, there is a sense in which both groups of critics are right. Although most sociologists are indeed personally liberal and their convictions are manifest when they deal with problems of immediate political relevance, their liberalism is so divorced from their professional commitment to scientism that it manages to coexist with theories and research practices expressing an implicit conservative leaning. The liberal bias is, as it were, personal and is located in their hearts, while the conservative bias is professional and is located in their categories and methods.

I shall emulate Mr. Lipset by ending with the confession that I too share the liberal-leftist outlook of most social scientists. But I believe that a more critical and morally alert liberalism is not only to be desired for its own sake but also for the sake of our objective understanding of society and history. In spite of the successes of the "New Conservatism" in some circles, I agree with Louis Hartz, Richard Chase and others who have questioned the possibility of a durable, intellectually challenging conservative tradition in America. Lacking opponents worthy of their mettle, liberal intellectuals must make up for the deficiency by extending their powers of critical self-scrutiny. A more rather than a less radical criticism of our society and culture is, in my view, sorely needed. But it must be one that is much more deeply attuned to the realities of human life in our time than the slack, self-indulgent liberalism of the present, which is so prone to mistake its own preferences for facts that it manages to penetrate even the devitalized categories of positivist social science.

THE LIBERALISM OF TOCQUEVILLE

Not the least of reasons why Alexis de Tocqueville reigns as patron saint and prophet for American historians and cultural critics now is that both liberals and conservatives claim him as their own. He was, says Mr. Stern, emphatically, ardously liberal. John Stuart Mill said so, too.

by FRITZ STERN

Alexis de Tocqueville's first and still most celebrated work was his incomparable analysis of American democracy, a two-volume work now read by few and acclaimed by many. The popularity of Tocqueville in this country coincided with the beginning of our enormous concern with our own culture, roughly a generation ago. Today respect for his work far

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surpasses familiarity with it, and accordingly it has been possible and profitable for contemporary critics of American democracy, especially for our neo-conservatives, to invoke his name as if their resentful comments on American mass society, on egalitarianism, and on all the evils of modernity had the authority of Tocqueville behind them. As a consequence the image of Tocqueville has become more and more blurred, and it is timely and important to correct some of these misleading impressions.

The very questions asked at the Tocqueville Centenary Symposium at which these com-

ments were originally made—was Tocqueville an historian or a sociologist, a conservative or a liberal—suggest that his greatness transcended neat categories or types. Tocqueville knew that he could not for long be imprisoned within a party or a doctrine; he stood by himself, often alone, often without the comfort of belonging to a cause or a party. His moral certainty, his unfailing eye for the true motive and meaning beyond the words and deeds of men, these oftentimes conflicted with the great passion of his life: to wield political power in the service of liberty and of France, to realize his political goals through personal action. In him, as in the German historian Theodor Mommsen, to whom in many ways he may be compared, were fused the passion of the political being, the wisdom of the historian, the perspicacity of a superb political analyst who could see in the turmoil of the particular and the ephemeral the traces of the general and the universal.

The question whether Tocqueville was a conservative or a liberal has been asked, not only today, but for over a century. To some extent I see in the question a competition for the capture of Tocqueville; it is ironic that the man without a party should posthumously have been claimed by so many groups. But once the question has been posed it must be answered, in the context of Tocqueville's own time, in the light of the choices before him. If this is done, if we remember what nineteenth-century conservatives were doing or saving, can we really doubt that he was a liberal, that he was one of the greatest liberals of the nineteenth century?

He was born during the French Revolution and suffered through two further tremors of the same upheaval, recognizing in 1848 that the democratic revolution would ultimately issue into the socialist revolution. Amid this continuing change he sought to protect and realize what in 1830 he called "the idea of a balanced, regulated liberty, held in check by religion, custom and law; the attractions of this liberty had touched me; it had become the passion of my life." This passion never abandoned him; it suffused his literary work, it guided his political action, it gave his life and thought its unity.

In times to come, he feared, liberty would have

to contend with democracy, and he set out for America, allegedly to study prisons, actually to study the possibilities of liberty in the society of the future. There he saw the new, hitherto unanalyzed, indeed unsuspected, dangers of democracy, but he returned a sympathetic critic of Democracy in America. He accepted the basic principle of democracy:

Far from finding fault with equality because it inspires a spirit of independence, I praise it primarily for that very reason. I admire it because it lodges in the very depths of each man's mind and heart that indefinable feeling, the instinctive inclination for political independence, and thus prepares the remedy for the ill which it engenders. It is precisely for this reason that I cling to it.

In the 1830's, then, he came to accept the United States; in the 1840's he opposed the narrow and increasingly conservative regime of Guizot and Louis Philippe; in 1849, as foreign minister, under a still republican regime, he sought to wrest from a reactionary, recalcitrant Pope a minimum program of liberal reforms. And again he sought, with exemplary diplomatic skill, to protect Hungarian revolutionaries in exile from the persecution of their autocratic pursuers, Russia and Austria. When Louis Napoleon overthrew the Republic—as Tocqueville had expected he would—Tocqueville withdrew from public life, his loyalty to liberty alive, his hopes for its revival dimmed, but not destroyed.

The case for Tocqueville as a liberal can be made negatively as well. It seems to me that many of his fundamental beliefs were remarkably *unconservative*. Here I mean more than his belief in the inevitability of change. Unlike Burke, whose disciple I do not think he was, he insisted that "men lose power when unworthy to maintain it." And as examples he offered the very revolutions in France he regretted. Nor could many conservatives in April 1848 have written, as Tocqueville did to Nassau Senior, that "my chief hope is in the lower orders. They are deficient in intelligence, but they have instincts which are worthy of all admiration." Tocqueville, moreover, had a great horror of the pious pretensions with which so many conservatives of his day struggled to preserve their own particular interests. Liberty was not en-

shrined in a single set of institutions: "I am tempted to believe that what we call necessary institutions are often no more than institutions to which we have grown accustomed, and that in matters of social constitution the field of possibilities is much more extensive than men living in their various societies are ready to imagine."

Of course Tocqueville foresaw the precariousness of liberty—that was precisely his contribution to liberalism. Instead of merely protecting liberty against the absolutistic abuses of the past, instead of merely hedging against the despotism of the state, as so many liberals were content to do, instead of being merely concerned with a change in laws or institutions he feared and elaborated upon the novel dangers that lay in the tyranny of the majority, in socialism, in the continued growth of centralization. Conservatives seized upon this very quality of Tocqueville—his ability to define the depth and limitations of liberty and to recognize the democratic threats to it—in order to claim him as one of theirs. As early as 1840, in reviewing the second volume of *Democracy in America*, John Stuart Mill, that other great liberal and lifelong friend of Tocqueville, noted with dismay that the Tories were trying to annex Tocqueville:

But though his theories are of an impartiality without example, and his practical conclusions lean towards Radicalism, some of his phrases are susceptible of a Tory application. One of these is "the tyranny of the majority." This phrase was forthwith adopted into the Conservative dialect, and trumpeted by Sir Robert Peel in his Tamworth oration, when, as booksellers' advertisements have since frequently reminded us, he "earnestly requested the perusal" of the book by all and each of his audience. And we believe it has since been the opinion of the country gentlemen that M. de Tocqueville is one of the pillars of Conservatism, and his book a definitive demolition of America and of democracy.

This wrongheaded interpretation has continued to the present day, but age I think has not lent it any greater plausibility. Insofar as it is more than a partisan maneuver, the attempt to convert Tocqueville into a conservative derives from a very narrow view of nineteenth-century liberalism—as if it were really no more than the shallow, doctrinaire principles of a few optimistic ideologues or the economic rationalizations of a selfish bourgeois class. To

tear Tocqueville or Mill from liberalism is to leave liberalism truncated and these men misunderstood. And to deny Tocqueville's liberalism is not only historically unjustified, but is to do him an injustice, by overlooking a central experience of his life.

I am referring to the struggle within Tocqueville, the struggle not to succumb to his aristocratic prejudices, his conservative inclinations, but to subject his feelings and his restless temperament to his magnificent analytical mind. His life, his letters, demonstrate clearly and poignantly how strong these conservative impulses were. Consider but one characteristic expression. Shortly after the fall of the July Monarchy, after witnessing many bloody scenes, he visited his ancestral home in Normandy:

I declare that none of these spectacles produced in me so deep and painful an emotion as that which I experienced that day at the sight of the ancient abode of my forefathers, when I thought of the peaceful days and happy hours I had spent there without knowing their value—I say that it was then and there that I best understood all the bitterness of revolutions.

But it was more than the bitterness of revolutions that he experienced so intensely. He was an aristocrat, not only by birth, but by spirit, and a man often tossed from exhilaration to melancholy, whose lofty aspirations tortured him, and made him the aloof, even arrogant man he seemed to be. He was a man capable of the strongest emotions, feeling great awe for a few men, and impersonal contempt for the many. The aristocrat appealed to his sensibilities far more than the bourgeois or the proletarian. But all of these inclinations he stopped from determining his thought or course of action. Throughout his life, he wrestled with himself, his mind at odds with his inclinations. He was conscious of this struggle and jealous of its fruits: in 1839 Tocqueville wrote to his English friend and translator, Henry Reeve, that his translation of *Democracy in America* must remain truthful to his intent, which was to speak

hard truths to the French society of our day and to democratic societies in general; but I say them as a friend and not as a critic . . . It has seemed to me that in the translation of the last book you have, without wishing it and following the instinct of your opinions, vividly colored what was contrary to democracy and rather softened what could harm

aristocracy. I pray of you, therefore, to fight constantly against yourself on this point and to preserve the spirit of my book, which is one of true impartiality in the theoretical judgment of the two societies, the old and the new, and also a sincere desire to see the new establish itself.

This kind of self-conquest requires a special kind of courage, the kind that Nietzsche once defined: "A very popular error: having the courage of one's convictions; rather it is a matter of having the courage for an attack on one's convictions." To call Tocqueville a conservative is to deny this rare courage, to diminish his stature.

Tocqueville's experience of this inner struggle moulded a characteristic part of his thought, his life, and his political action. It sharpened his understanding of men, and it helped him to become a great amateur psychologist in the way that Stendhal or La Rochefoucauld were, and that Burke and Marx never were. By calling him a psychologist I do not mean to imply that he had elaborated a specific psychological theory himself or that he followed any systematic approach to psychology. Even here, he was wary of embracing a doctrinaire position. Rather he was a man of exceptional intuitive insight, cultivated empathy, and profound reflectiveness and analysis. In all his writings, and especially in his *Souvenirs*, we find his penetrating analysis of individual and mass behavior, his understanding of the conflict within men between the promptings of their passions and the dictates of their interests. It is no accident that Tocqueville acknowledged his particular indebtedness to Pascal; he was in that great tradition of French moralists, or artists, who portrayed the human condition, the character of man, his solitude, his uncertainties, his conflicts. And it was this quality in Tocqueville's political analysis which allows us to place him next to Machiavelli, and which has given his work such enduring greatness.

It would be nonsensical to offer yet another category within which to imprison Tocqueville, but I do think that Tocqueville the psychologist was of immense importance. His conception of man inspired his belief in liberty as it did his moral sense and his temperament, always attuned to "the still, sad music of humanity." In *Democracy in America* he wrote: "Providence has created mankind to be neither entirely free

nor altogether enslaved. It has drawn, to be sure, a fatal circle around each man, from which he cannot escape, but within its vast borders, man is strong and free." From this in turn rose his conception of history, for it prompted him to insist on the primacy of sentiment and spirit—not of material or political interests—in history and politics. As he said, "The more I study, either in the practical realm or in books, the causes of the movements of this world, the more I become convinced that everything in politics is only consequence and symptom, that it is the ideas and the sentiments which pervade a people that are the true causes of everything else." As an historian and a statesman he distinguished between two levels of causality—the level of specific human acts effecting some kind of change and the level of more general causes that must be located in the minds and passions of men, as moulded over time and modified by social restraint and political institution. I think this conception of history is very close to our own, and Tocqueville's popularity as an historian in the last few years can be accounted for, in part at least, by the fact that we have at last caught up with him.

His conception of man informed also his consistent rejection of every form of determinism, and especially the racist determinism of his friend Gobineau. And it prevented him from yielding to that kind of despair, nostalgia, and self-pity, or its cosmic projection, fatalism, which characterized so many of the cultural pessimists and conservatives of the nineteenth century. It qualified his liberalism as well; he perceived that man's nature required liberty, yet oftentimes conflicted with its maintenance as well. Hence as a liberal, Tocqueville hoped to anchor liberty in a stable social order, in a collective virtue, that would *conserve* the habits of liberty even in times of conflicting political passions. His liberalism then was much more than a political program. It was the man himself.

Few men impress themselves as forcefully on their work as Tocqueville did. It is only secondarily that we remember him as an historian or a sociologist or a statesman. Ultimately we remember him, not for any doctrine or set of ideas, but for his quality of mind and character, and for his literary works which embodied his humanity.

Notes on the Pushkin Campaign

The Cold War has taken on a warm front in recent months that is in many ways refreshing: every oceanic breeze transports more officials, ballet dancers, consumer goods, and professors between this country and the USSR. Since an increasing number of scholars are involved in this mutual visiting between the two nations, the editors invited one local author to recount his experiences as a delegate to one of the first international conferences of scholars to convene in the Soviet Union after the post-Stalin "thaw." His straightforward and undramatized account of the difficulties he encountered on what appeared to be simply a formal academic errand offers, we think, at least two lessons: that the forces of ideology know no innocuous occasion; and that the current feast of mutual "hospitality"—which is inevitably bound up with official international politics—is a matter of touch and go.

—EDITOR.

A scholar's experiences on the humanities battlefield in the USSR

by LEON STILMAN

A Russian two-engine TU-104 jet, under Czechoslovak management and with a Czech crew (including a stewardess that did not understand a word of Russian) took me from Prague to Moscow in less than two and a half hours, landing at the Vnukovo airport in the late afternoon of August 31, 1958. Among the passengers was a group of some twenty Arabs carrying on an uninterrupted caucus; what their business in Moscow was I did not know. The purpose of my own trip was to attend the Fourth International Congress of Slavists to which I was invited as a guest of the Soviet Academy; it was to be inaugurated the next day, September 1.

I had visited the Soviet Union the summer before, returning to my native country after an absence of some forty years, and the sight of the Vnukovo airport building (modest in size, very conservative in architecture), of Soviet uniforms (short, square-shouldered, tightly fitted tunics, wide trousers fluttering in the breeze), of the cars used to transport the higher officialdom and foreign visitors (big, black, slow, reminiscent of the American designs of some years

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ago, but with less glitter), were not unfamiliar. There was some confusion about the passports at the airport; the inspection was not especially strict, but an Air France plane from Paris had arrived shortly before the Prague plane, also with a group of foreign delegates to the Congress, and the two arrivals taxed the airport personnel to near-collapse. Not that this was abnormal by Idlewild standards, but it took me two and a half hours to cover the distance from the entrance to the exit of the airport building, a little longer than the time made, thanks to jet propulsion, between Prague and Moscow. But unlike airplane design, passport control or luggage inspection are not handled by technologists, in the Soviet Union or elsewhere.

Most foreign delegates, myself included, were assigned living quarters in the Hotel Ukraine, a brand-new twenty-story building. My very comfortable room, with a modern bathroom, was on the eighteenth floor overlooking Moscow River and the new housing developments beyond, the view only partly obstructed by a rather massive fantasia in masonry conceived by the Hotel's architect; it rose high up in the cool Moscow air, neoclassical in style, and purposeless, as a thing of beauty should be. The Hotel Ukraine is located on the right bank of the river, on Moscow's western edge, an area now being developed. There, too, is the new and quite formidable building of Moscow University, the building where we Slavists were to convene; the new building houses the Sciences; the Humanities have stayed behind, in the old building, at the center of the city.

Upon arrival, we were handed various printed materials as well as name badges, which, pinned on the lapel, helped create the familiar convention feeling. They also helped identify, in the Ukraine's crowded lobby, many Slavic scholars whom I had not met before. Other guests staying at the Ukraine included: the Budapest opera and ballet company, strikingly numerous, with a large orchestra (cellos, I realized, add nothing to the traveler's comfort in crowded elevators); a group of Mongols, many wearing national costumes and assorted medals and decorations (there was some evidence that this was a horse-breeding *kolkhoz* which had overfulfilled its quota, but I couldn't be sure); and, rather incon-

gruously, a band of Scots Highlanders, complete with bagpipes and kilts.

The liveliest place in the hotel was the restaurant, where the Western visitors gathered during the endless and late meals (dinner to the accompaniment of a very noisy band). Some of our Soviet colleagues also took their meals at the Ukraine, but we mingled little with them. More will be said later about the attitudes of Soviet scholars towards the American visitors; from the outset, their hospitality varied considerably, according to individuals and to surroundings, from cool politeness to outgoing cordiality.

The Congress was to be a very imposing event indeed. It had been organized by an international committee, whose chairman, later president of the Congress, was Soviet Academician Victor Vinogradov; the American member was Professor Roman Jakobson of Harvard. Once the general arrangements had been worked out, a committee of the Soviet Academy had taken over, acting as the host organization. The American delegation, as finally constituted, counted twenty members from seven universities. Six American participants had received personal invitations to attend as guests of the Academy, and several American universities were invited to send representatives. The American group presented sixteen papers (a volume of the American *Contributions* has been published by Mouton & Co., The Hague), on topics ranging from Dostoevsky's influence on André Malraux to problems of machine translation from Slavic languages.

In form, it was indeed a scholarly conference. The total number of papers read was in excess of 300. The participants represented more than twenty countries. The USSR, as one would have expected, had the largest delegation, with fifty-one papers listed on the program. Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia followed closely, with forty-one and forty papers, outdistancing Poland's twenty-seven. Among the Western countries, France held the first place numerically with twenty-five contributions, and America the second, with sixteen. According to official estimates, the total number of foreign scholars attending was in excess of 500; the same estimates placed the Soviet attendance at about 2,000.

The quite formidable amount of material was published and distributed in advance; at the

Congress, the authors of the papers were allowed twenty minutes (for those papers rated "reports") and fifteen minutes (for "communications" or condensed oral presentations); these were followed by discussions.

The schedule for a typical day, then, September 5, was as follows: 9:00 to 10:00—fifteen "communications" read in eight sections; 10:00 to 1:00—thirty-three "reports" read in nine sections; 4:00 to 6:30—thirty-five "reports" read in nine sections; grand total for the day: eighty-three papers. To get a general view of the proceedings, and to absorb a substantial part of the materials presented, both ubiquity and superhuman endurance were needed, not to mention the ability to understand the members of the very large Czechoslovak, Polish and Yugoslav delegations, who expressed themselves in their native languages, as it was their right to do. But at least one Slavic scholar will have to confess that his efforts to follow them cost him a good deal of strain and exertion. A vast area of Slavic literary scholarship and linguistics was covered, and the quality of the papers was high. As for Soviet contributions, many of them were first-rate, others good to indifferent, some were tainted with political bias that affected their scholarly value. These, however, were the exceptions.

One of the most strongly political communications was presented in great pomp, at the end of the plenary inaugural meeting. This meeting, held in the immense aula of Moscow University, began with the inaugural address of the president of the Congress, Academician Vinogradov, followed by addresses by the vice president of the Academy of the USSR, and by the pro-rector of Moscow University, then one speech each by seventeen representatives of seventeen delegations. Then a paper was read in Russian and another one in Czech. After the latter, I felt I had reached the saturation point and decided to dispense with the evening session, especially since the papers to be read were already available in printed form.

One of these was a lengthy paper by V. R. Shcherbina, of the USSR, on "Problems of the Development of Socialist Realism in Soviet Literature (Russian and Ukrainian)." Dutifully, I began next day a rather cursory reading of this opus, expecting to find in it another rehashing

of official doctrine. I soon discovered, however, that the paper presented by Professor Shcherbina the day before was in the main an indictment of American students of Soviet literature. I must grant that Professor Shcherbina, or his aides, had done a first-rate research job; as far as I knew, not a single article by an American author touching upon Soviet literature had escaped his attention. His charges followed a well-defined, oft-repeated pattern.

It runs as follows: Soviet literature is the most progressive in the world, and has, throughout the world, "hundreds of millions" of devoted and enthusiastic readers; "certain circles" in the West, and above all in the USA, have become aware of the formidable impact of this literature on the peoples of the world and of the danger it creates for the interests of these "circles"; they have accordingly undertaken a campaign aimed at discrediting Soviet literature, starting at its very source: the doctrine of socialist realism. "We are attacked," say in effect these literary strategists, "and we must start a counter-offensive." Typical of their arguments is that such-and-such a novel, the greatness of which is questioned by Western critics, has been reissued over the years in numberless editions and has been read by tens of millions of workers, *kolkhozniks*, and Red Army men who found in it guidance and inspiration. That such a novel is a great novel, therefore, is unquestionable.

Equally typical is the insistence on a unanimity in Western, especially American, adverse attitudes toward some of these masterpieces or toward the doctrine of socialist realism, a doctrine as weakly formulated as it is vigorously enforced. The Soviets feel (and this is a curious instance of projection), that this unanimity cannot be accidental: coincidence cannot account for the fact that so many Western critics who have written about, say Furmanov's *Chapaev*, doubt that it is a great work; clearly, they are inspired and directed by some center that has evolved the grand strategy of this literary war and orders the firing of the literary anti-missile missiles.

To supplement such wholesale indictments as Professor Scherbina's, several participants were attacked individually in the Soviet press, before, during and after our visit, and if a prize were awarded for the largest number of attacks per

institution represented, Columbia University would certainly have first claim on it. Lengthy and sharply critical articles were devoted to two of my colleagues: Professors William E. Harkins for his *Dictionary of Russian Literature* and Rufus W. Mathewson for his paper on "Dostoevsky and Malraux," read at the Congress. Later, in the November issue of the monthly *Oktiabr*, I was taken to task by Victor Shklovski for my own paper. I might best have answered him, I think, by recognizing my indebtedness to his early writings, in which many an original idea was brilliantly and aggressively overstated. Shklovski is on the safe side now.

The warning at the plenary session was followed by an article in the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, which contained a very clear statement of attitudes toward the West: "The consistent struggle of the Communist party for peace, for a peaceful coexistence of countries with different social systems, has been interpreted by individual comrades in our country as reconciliation with bourgeois ideology. . . . There is not and there cannot be any peaceful coexistence with the alien bourgeois ideology. . . ." Further on the article warned against "softness" toward the ideological enemy, against "slapping him on the back." This admonition, and similar ones, were not entirely effective; many a hand was stretched out, however cautiously, if not to slap the bourgeois back of a Western scholar, at least to shake a bourgeois hand. The tightening up of the "post thaw" period was apparent in public utterances and published matter, which are subject to official approval. But there was—and is—a "black market" of non-conformist ideas. Free thought is, of course, a scarce commodity, but commodities in short supply fetch high prices. I observed no signs of opposition to the regime at that time, and should make that clear. But unless I am very much mistaken, there are in the USSR resistances to controls in the world of ideas, there is a live spirit below the surface of conformism. And that is why I anticipated a unique and exciting experience in speaking before a Soviet audience, even on a "purely academic" topic. It was to be an opportunity to challenge officially approved views and to show that this could be done with impunity, in the open.

Nothing explosive, it would seem, is suggested

by the title of my own paper: "Problems of Literary Genres and Traditions in Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*." Pushkin's "novel in verse," as he called it, is to my mind an unsurpassed masterpiece of narrative poetry. Readers who do not have access to the original must be warned against the translations which filter out most of Pushkin's marvelous elegance, his formal inventiveness, his playful or melancholy irony, and his glittering epigrammatic wit, leaving the reader with a "plain and moving story." A perhaps even stronger warning must be sounded against associating the poem with the book of Tschai-kovsky's opera. The real and only *Eugene Onegin* is the one Pushkin wrote in Russian, in iambic tetrameters arranged in fourteen-line stanzas with an intricate rhyme pattern, the one he began in 1823, and, in the main, completed by 1830.

There is a strong tradition of Pushkin scholarship in Russia (it has remained very much alive to the present), and his "novel in verse" has been studied with great care and devotion, including, naturally, the problems of its sources and influences. In my own study I was not concerned with influences as such (and least of all did I intend to show that Pushkin was a derivative poet). What I did attempt was to define the place of Pushkin's novel in verse in the development of several literary traditions, and to show the structural interrelation between elements of these traditions within the work.

Using many known facts, and adding a few findings of my own, I emphasized two traditions: that of the sentimental and pre-romantic novel, usually epistolary in form (most importantly *La Nouvelle Heloise*); and the tradition of the digressive, ironically burlesque narrative, most significantly Byron's great epic travesty, *Don Juan*. *Onegin* is clearly related to the first of these traditions in theme, characters and situations; to the second, in narrative techniques and attitudes. There is a parallel, I further suggested, between Byron's treatment of elements of the heroic romance in *Don Juan*, and Pushkin's treatment of motifs of the sentimental novel in *Onegin*. In both cases, an obsolete tradition (the heroic in the case of Byron, the sentimental in that of Pushkin) is treated ironically; it is parodied and, at the same time, rejuvenated and put to new use. Both poets were aware of

the novelty of their attitudes; and both were apprehensive of the public's reaction to what they knew was a violation of established literary conventions.

Finally, I tried to show that both works reflect the overcoming of earlier forms of romanticism, of "high" romanticism; and that in both cases this moving away from earlier forms is not only discussed in the very text, as a changing poetics, but is also accomplished lyrically: it is wistfully associated with the poet's bygone youth and his reaching the age of maturity.

What precedes is obviously not intended as an abstract of my paper, which ran close to fifty pages, but as an indication of the nature of the problems I tried to deal with and of my approach to them. My paper, written and published in Russian, was, like all the others, made available in advance, and, I was told, discussed at a meeting of Soviet Pushkin experts. It was now to be presented to the Congress.

I was scheduled to speak on Wednesday, September 3, from 5:00 to 5:20 p.m., preceded by a Czech scholar, a British scholar and an Italian scholar, Professor Ettore LoGatto, who, like myself, was to discuss an aspect of *Eugene Onegin*, which he had translated into Italian. By the time Professor LoGatto was scheduled to appear, listeners began to crowd the auditorium, clearly too small for the occasion, and the chair announced that the meeting would adjourn to the main auditorium where the plenary sessions were held. I knew, but the chair did not, that the Italian delegates had failed to show up in Moscow (with one exception, which was not Signor LoGatto). I had to break this news and was invited to mount the monumental rostrum of the main auditorium.

This I did, to find myself facing a large audience, my back turned to a vast mural in mosaic (I had admired it before) representing an ocean of red banners, their shafts triumphantly held up by muscular proletarians. Flanking the mural were medallions (I was aware of their presence even while I turned my back on them) with the coupled profiles of Marx and Engels on one side, and Lenin and Stalin on the other.

I began my presentation, delivered in Russian, with a few remarks of the mellow, scholarly sort that American professors employ to amiably

capture an audience of colleagues. My exordium did not carry. I had not hoped to bring the house down, but I had expected a few appreciative smiles. There weren't any. Sensing that something was wrong, I refrained from any further personal touches and delivered my twenty-minute summary. Cautiously applauded, I left the rostrum and, from a seat in the audience, witnessed the appearance on the platform of five well-known Soviet scholars and a young East German. My opponents proceeded to read lengthy statements, carefully prepared and fully documented.

The statements were polite in form, at times even flattering: I was complimented on my scholarship and my style; it was also recognized that my comparative research had brought to light certain new facts. What was wrong in my paper, however, was the approach, the theoretical premises, the method. These, which were in error, vitiated my findings. With a mixture of sympathy and polite condescension, I was told that my theoretical positions were hopelessly obsolete; they corresponded to a stage that Soviet scholars had left behind long since, and I seemed to be completely unaware of the latest advances of literary scholarship, those achieved in the Soviet Union. One of my opponents actually expressed his grief over the fact that a man of promise had gone astray, removed from the sources of light: I was, apparently, ignorant of such fundamentals as Engels' definition of realism (later, in my reply, I assured my listeners that Engels' formula was perfectly familiar to me, but that I did not consider it binding—and that the Engels' text referred to was not exactly a recent one). What were my sins of commission? To summarize the more important points: I had insisted on the literary derivations of the work under discussion, whereas the truth was that this work had its roots in reality, in particular in the author's social environment. Reality is primary, especially social reality. Furthermore, I questioned the "realism" of *Eugene Onegin*, whereas, according to dogma, the work is "the first realistic novel in world literature," or, to quote another dictum, a century-and-a-quarter old, "an encyclopedia of Russian life." This is a mandatory quotation from Belinski, and one could draw up a list of such mandatory quotations on a variety of matters. I later

irreverently paraphrased it, suggesting that one could quite as well call *Onegin* a literary encyclopedia, except that Pushkin did not follow the convenient alphabetical arrangement, but instead fancifully arranged his material in sonnet-like stanzas.

Nor did I seem to regard as decisive for the determination of genre the fact that reality is, in some fashion, reflected or referred to in the work, which it certainly is. More important, I maintained, are the very frequent and extensive author's intrusions and digressions, his uncovering of the creative process, his final admission that the characters are figments of his imagination. That there is a departure from the conventions of romanticism, I readily conceded. This, however, is transition, not radical change. It is true that Pushkin made use in *Eugene Onegin* of low thematic material, of patches of what Pushkin called "prose." But the function of these passages, I argued, was to dramatize in the very text of the work the change from one poetic style to another.

I was not arguing about words; realism and romanticism are tired terms, stretched by long use out of recognizable shape. I was arguing not so much for a definition as *against* the view of official Soviet criticism that verisimilitude is the measure of excellence, that a work of art is great inasmuch as it is a true picture of what is typical and thereby socially significant. It is possible that many aspects of Russian life are reflected in *Eugene Onegin*, I presume accurately. What I reject is the view that *Eugene Onegin* is a great masterpiece *because* it reflects many aspects of Russian life in the early nineteenth century. I think I have better reasons for recognizing the greatness of the poem.

I am not attempting to summarize the debate, but merely to indicate the lines along which it developed. My opponents were arguing from within a system of dogmas. A dogma does not have to be proven and does not admit of re-examination: it is the standpoint from which an opinion is examined, not on its merits, but for conformity or non-conformity. And in official Soviet thinking everything, be it literary criticism, history or genetics, is related to some aspect of fundamental dogma.

After the sixth and last of my opponents had completed his remarks, the chairman invited me

once more to the rostrum and asked me how much time I would need for my reply. I said (and this time I drew laughter) that I would need three or four hours, but how much would he allow? At this point voices from the audience demanded that I be given unlimited time, which was granted. I spoke for some forty minutes and thought I could detect sympathetic reactions in the audience. When I finished there were polite applause and cordial handshakes with the members of the panel.

Two days later, arriving at the University, I met in the crowd emerging from a large auditorium (the meeting had been recessed) one of my American colleagues, seriously upset. He had just heard a Soviet scholar who, digressing from his paper, had delivered a violent and insulting diatribe against me, then proceeded to attack another member of our delegation. In substance, I was accused of insulting the Russian people in the person of Russia's greatest poet, whom I had attempted to describe as a talentless imitator of foreign authors, actually a plagiarist. When the session was resumed, I passed a note to the chairman asking time for a rebuttal. This was granted in principle, but my turn came only the next day.

In the meantime I learned that I was facing a man holding a very high position in Moscow University. He had been pointed out to me in the auditorium, and later, meeting him in the corridor, I introduced myself, made known to him my intentions and asked him if he would not be kind enough to summarize, if only in a few words, what he had said about my paper. He replied that he was busy and walked off. I gave an account of this incident the next day, speaking before a large and very tense audience and made what I hope was a vigorous protest against the attack delivered in my absence and based on distortions and misrepresentations; whatever our differences, I said, we all shared in our love and veneration of Pushkin, and that was why, I ventured, it was found necessary to make the gratuitous imputations: the barrier had to be put back in place.

The next day, during the meeting of one of the sections, a man seated next to me (he was intently following the proceedings and taking notes), turned to me and said: "I want you to

know that we often feel ashamed for the official representatives of our scholarship." I never met him before or after. I was deeply moved. Following this, time and again, there were eager requests, mostly from students, for a copy of my paper. A student "borrowed" one of my last two copies; he was unable to return it the next day, as he had promised, because, he explained apologetically, a friend of his had "borrowed" it from him, and passed it to someone else. . .

The Congress held its final plenary meeting September 10. In the evening a reception was given for the delegates. During the reception a very prominent Soviet scholar told me that my name had appeared on the front page of the Moscow evening paper, *Vecherniaia Moskva*. It was too late that night to get a copy, but next morning, eager to see one (I admit that I am not blasé in this respect), I inquired at the newsstand in the hotel lobby if there were any copies left. No, there weren't any, replied the lady in charge. Did she know where I could get one? She didn't. At this point a citizen standing next to me produced a crumpled copy of the paper from his pocket, tore it in two, and told me I could have the first page: all he was interested in was the football scores. I gratefully accepted.

I found on the first page a picture of factory workers voting "unanimously," the caption said, a resolution of "angry" protest against the

"provocative actions of American imperialists in the Far East." Beneath was the item on the Congress; two of the papers presented were mentioned: one by S. K. Chatterdji, a distinguished linguist and the Vice-President of the Senate of India (it had "aroused great interest"), and my own (it had "provoked an animated discussion"). Indeed.

September 11, after a slow drive over a muddy road, I reached the Vnukovo airport. It was chilly and drizzly. After some three hours waiting it was announced that the Sabena plane for Paris for which I was booked was immobilized in Helsinki. An hour later there was a flight for Copenhagen, and there was a seat available.

After a few weeks on this side of the Iron Curtain, I came to realize that I would be ready to return to the USSR for another visit. Since then, there have been some indications of a new thaw. I hope fervently that one is in the making. But regardless of this, I think I would like to see more of some of the people we met: the eager and earnest students who crowded the auditoriums during the Congress, and those of the older intellectuals who have preserved an essential integrity, whatever adjustments or partial retreats they have had to make.

The resilience and the vigor of the intellect can be truly admirable: its survival in adverse circumstances is an inspiring spectacle indeed.

Memo to Directors (Confid.) . . .

The intellectual employee also accepts a more total identification with his role than other workers . . . With him the division between work and leisure, discipline and freedom, has truly been erased. If the free artist or the founder of a great enterprise builds his life exclusively out of the substance of his work, today's intellectual unbuilds his life in order to live his job. The rule quoted by Whyte for corporation executives generally, "You promote the guy who takes his problem home with him," becomes for the intellectual, "You hire the guy who takes his problem to bed with him." His job has a creative side in which his preconscious must also collaborate. Take this into account in computing his average salary, and the difference . . . becomes largely a matter of overtime pay. At \$2.50 an hour the totally employed intellectual would earn more than \$20,000 a year. (*Harold Rosenberg, in THE TRADITION OF THE NEW, published by Horizon Press, 1959.*)

I've Been Reading

On reading the writings of women

by ELIZABETH HARDWICK

The proper study of mankind may be man, but the subject for women is other women. This is a tiresome fate, made no more pleasing by the fact that it is a servitude to which one dooms oneself. When women think of writing an essay they seem to look out at the infinite world of art and experience and, frightened, to draw back, cozily, to women's art, women's novels, women's problems, women's place in the world, in America, in bed, at home. One's sex provides topics for a tired inspiration, something to fall back on, like growing up in India. It is a subject upon which one can speak with something like authority. I am, I say to myself, a woman after all.

Toward the achievements of women I find my own attitudes extremely complicated by all sorts of vague emotions. I take an interest in what my feminine colleagues are doing, not unlike

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that interest a member of a minority takes in the achievements of his group—but my reactions are not as pure and amiable as those of other minority members. (Women are a sort of minority culturally, not numerically.) As a writer I feel a nearly unaccountable attraction and hostility to the work of other women writers. Envy, competitiveness, scorn infect my judgments at times, and indifference is strangely hard to come by in this matter.

When I was younger I used to read nearly everything written by women, that is, nearly everything that aspired to seriousness or excellence. I no longer do quite that, and yet I still continue to read a great many books just because they are written by women. I am often, as I phrase it, "disappointed." This past year, for instance, I found the English novelist Iris Murdoch's book, *The Bell*, nearly unreadable. It seemed to me slow, unreal, with a superabundance of symbolic action that dulled the edge of the inspiration. That opinion is not outrageous, but perhaps I was unduly exercised and annoyed by the enthusiastic reviews this novel received in the British press. At the same time, under the push of this emotion, I began to read another young English writer, Doris Lessing. I first came upon a collection of her short stories, *The Habit of Loving*, published here in America last year, a volume favorably enough reviewed, but somehow unable to make itself felt in the American literary scene. I liked this book immensely. These were powerful, beautifully written stories, somewhat—and happily, I thought—influenced by the great short stories of D. H. Lawrence. Indeed this work was so interesting I ordered all the books by Doris Lessing the Holiday Bookstore would send me. Of those that arrived, I have thus far read *The Grass is Singing*, *Martha Quest*, and an earlier collection of stories, *The Old Chief's Country*. These are all superb—the works of a woman with an extraordinary gift for fiction. Doris Lessing is well known in England and very highly considered I understand; however, my own reading of English magazines usually produces Iris Murdoch and not Doris Lessing as the most important "young" English novelist, among the women.

Again, I find that an exaggerated irritation wells up in me at any failure to concur with my own opinion on this matter because it is a mat-

ter of work by women. I don't relish disagreement, perhaps, with my opinion of the work of men, but certainly the extremity of my behavior and feeling about the writing of women does not occur when I have to think of the writing of men. I have no doubt that all this is a merely personal disease, whose origins are as obvious as they are unflattering. I do not know that other women writers feel this way; and yet I do get hints that some do, if not so strongly, not so wildly, share my unhealthy condition and that a peculiar lack of detachment marks the opinion one woman has of another's art. Competitiveness is the rule of the intellectual world to the same degree that it is the rule of any world that demands a personal exertion of the highest sort, but the competitiveness is a fleeting thing, coming only at certain moments of longing or fear. The most genuine moments of the creative life are those of passionate love and absorption in the whole stream, past and present, of culture. It could not be said that a businessman loves the great moments, or even the small, of the history of business, that the head of General Motors feels for the Ford Company and the Ford product the reverence members of the world of art may feel for each other. And so when I admit to myself the half-hostile but helplessly fascinated involvement I feel with women's writing, I excuse myself by remembering the effort I have put into reading and thinking about their work.

When I look over my library I find that I not only have all of the works of the women writers I particularly admire—women such as Virginia Woolf, Mary McCarthy, Edith Wharton—but I notice also that I own, for instance, the complete works of Elizabeth Madox Roberts and the many novels of Kay Boyle. Elizabeth Madox Roberts: two—they could not quite be called "loyalties"—two sources of addiction capture me in the case of this writer. She is a woman and also a native of my own state, Kentucky. I still have respect for her work, but I do not read it and even when I did read it my senses were not extraordinarily stirred. And yet I have carried *The Great Meadow*, *The Time of Man*, *After Strange Gods* and the others through a great many exhausting, costly packings and unpackings. I am unable, no matter what my practical wish, to dispose of these books. I remember

that Elizabeth Madox Roberts lived for a time in Chicago, that she was a friend of Glenway Wescott, that she wrote many of her books while living in her house in Springfield, Kentucky. And then she is a woman novelist.

About ten years ago I read a review in an English magazine that ended, in order to make some comparison I have since forgotten, with the names George Eliot, Jane Austen and Susan Ferrier. Susan Ferrier! I was astonished that there could be a woman novelist I did not know and one of such merit as to be listed along with George Eliot and Jane Austen. With anxious energy I went around to the second-hand book stores over and over until I was able to find *Marriage* and *The Inheritance*. Two very good books. (The fly leaf of an edition of *Marriage* says that "Walter Scott delighted in Miss Ferrier's novels and her art in dealing with Scottish life. Something of Smollett's humour, dashed with softer feeling, makes *Marriage* a delicious comedy-in-narrative.")

I can remember reading only one novel because of what I had read to be its plot. In *The New York Times* my eye fell upon the subject matter, the plot, of a novel by Elizabeth Jenkins—the author of the currently popular biography of Elizabeth the First. The title of this delightful novel, published here in 1954, is *The Tortoise and the Hare*. The hare of the title is a charming, sensitive, beautiful woman married to an attractive, successful barrister some years older; the tortoise who eventually triumphs over the hare, by stealing her husband from her, is a plain old spinster in her fifties, a plain and downright woman yes, but luxurious in her way. The spinster has money, she produces excellent dinners and her car, a Rolls, always seems to be ready and waiting whenever it is needed. She is a good judge of horses and investments; her house hasn't the taste of the poor hare's house but it is comfortable, solid, firm, and immensely reassuring. The spinster, in her expensive but dowdy clothes, has also all the pent-up energy and sexual passion of a lifetime. Even here her capability is enormous and the beautiful, introspective wife feels this odd fact as something she cannot subdue; it is a kind of strength and determination against which her own romantic nature, which needs to be admired and appreciated, is helpless. This is a very satisfactory

novel; not only are the characters convincing, they are also adult, completely and thoroughly interesting.

When I read this winter in the *New Statesman* that Pamela Hansford Johnson's *The Unspeakable Skipton* showed the author to be "as good as any novelist writing in this country today," and that "it was not silly to be reminded of George Eliot," and that in this book and the one before it called *The Last Resort* Miss Johnson was "extending the territory of the novel," I naturally was filled with all that disturbing eagerness and readiness to doubt I have previously described. *The Unspeakable Skipton* turned out to be a book unusually easy to read. "Readability" is a much abused word, one likely to put off anyone of the slightest seriousness because it is used to praise the light, the trivial, the obvious, the easily conventional. This novel is thoroughly literary—one needs to know a good deal, to have a feeling for the literary and artistic scene to get the most from it. It is witty, perverse, and entertaining. The character of Skipton is based upon that extraordinary man, Baron Corvo, a man hard for me, at least, to like. He wrote in a most unusual, baroque style, his opinions were crackpot; his own character was his most original creation, having in itself a sort of dramatic suspense, since the real Corvo loved mystification and difficulty beyond everything else. A.J.A. Symons' *The Quest for Corvo* is more widely read, perhaps, than any of Corvo's own books.

Miss Johnson's Skipton is a writer, living in Bruges. (The real Corvo exiled himself in Venice.) There is always a danger in the use of foreign cities stuffed with attractions and romantic names. Bruges, however, is not squeezed mercilessly like a lemon for the sauce but is gently pressed for delightful comic effects. In Bruges, Skipton can invent, as a swindle, an old Flemish painter named van Brouwerfs.

Skipton is starving, paranoiac, full of compulsive fears and textbook perversities. He's an awful person, redeemed by the fact that he is so terrible he never wins any kind of victory. People are suspicious or contemptuous of him.

His neurotic cleanness annoys them as much as his perversity in arranging a sexual circus for tourists astonishes them. His literary pride is fascinating; it is real and arouses pity and belief because he has genuine talents. His rude letters to his publishers, begging for advances, are masterpieces of folly, insult, and madness. Skipton lives in unbearable tension. Always faced by starvation, he nevertheless goes home to the sort of literary feast he can provide himself for nothing, that is to add a few lines to his venomous portraits of his "enemies"—of such portraits are his books composed. For instance:

Men like Billy Buttermen are rarely recognized as parasites, since parasitism is associated with the minuscule; but if triple-visaged Dis gnawing the bloody heads in the bottom of Hell were to have a louse in his armpit, that louse would be Buttermen . . .

There is hardly an aspect of Skipton's character that isn't repulsive; his pride is diseased, his self-absorption is so deranging that he cannot form a true idea of other people and therefore thinks a poor country cousin is a rich, miserly *rentier*. His heart seeks revenge automatically and his most usual response to life is disgust. Still Skipton is not repulsive. He is exaggerated, but the elements of his suffering and his unattractiveness are seen often in the artistic and cultural world. His vanity may be dreadful but it does not abate his poverty. His snares for his victims are always so elaborate and fantastic that he, himself, is the one at last to be trapped. His intransigence, his admirable, involved prose style, his perfection of the art of invective and ridicule have a sort of purity and beauty.

I do not know that I shall ever read this book again. I'm not sure that I won't. In the end perhaps some final, manic, mad exhilaration is lacking on the one hand, and some deep shivering identification on the other. Anyway I have read *The Unspeakable Skipton* once, and not to have done so would have been unthinkable. For it was written by a woman and that bound me to it. Had it been written by a man I might not have found time for it unless I had been assured it was first rate. From the men, I demand only excellence.

BEFORE THE HOUSE

WAYS TO TEACH A WRITER

MORRIS FREEDMAN

The mass teaching of creative writing is one of the minor commercial phenomena of our time. Every summer dozens and dozens of writers' conferences sprout throughout the country, lasting anywhere from a day or two to a month or two. All sorts of persons with a bibliography or an editorial title to their names abandon their desks and classrooms and shuttle from one mountain retreat to another to perform as teachers, consultants, editors. Men and women by the thousands plan their summer vacations to attend "clinics" where they study, chiefly, how to get into print. The more methodical rallies publish schedules precisely indicating the fee per page for which a master will scan a pupil's work. (Fifty pages, "not more," of a work in progress plus a brief synopsis of the total book, typical reading charge: \$12.50.) The rest of the year, a multitude of correspondence schools and "literary agencies" guarantee in the trade journals to teach writing virtually by return mail.

One of the more valuable community services performed by the *Saturday Review* is the annual listing of writers' conferences in a single catalog issue. Although the print is small and secretive (reminiscent of that journal's old-time naughty personal ads), the columns run on and on through the issue. By selective squinting, you can learn from them some piquant information about the "sociology" of teaching creative writing today. You learn, for example, that every spring and summer there is one gentleman, whose affiliations suggest that he is some kind of social worker, scurrying around the mid-West and the East, offering the gospel of creative writing in one-night stands at neighborhood community centers. If you won't come to the prophet, he will come to you.

The teaching of creative writing in a thousand independent little vacuums is in its own shabby way simply a business and has only remotely to do with the work of university departments of English. Yet it does seem to

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affect academic practice. Many colleges and universities seal themselves off from this plague outside their walls and have nothing whatever to do with creative writing. At one great institution in the East, a professor who has written impressive fiction as well as some of the finest criticism of our time, has been reported as having vowed that "in Hell I'll teach creative writing." His department offers no courses in creative writing, although one or two professors will arrange to consult with superior students interested in writing poetry or fiction; all students write criticism in class.

Certainly writing can no more be "taught" than can painting or any art, but it can be taught as much. This is to say that as a young painter can learn the relationships of color and form by painting and looking, as a young musician can learn the intricacies of harmony and counterpoint by composing and playing and listening, so a young writer can apprehend the problems of his craft by reading and writing. A creative writing student must first of all be a student of literature.

Professor Wallace Stegner made a similar point in his brilliant article, "New Climates for the Writer," some years ago in *The New York Times Book Review*:

It is absurd to wonder whether writers are born or made. They are both born and made. Sometimes born writers are made wrong by the wrong teachers or the wrong influences; there are plenty of melancholy examples in our time. Like football players, pianists, Renaissance scholars, or typists, writers are the product of original talent plus training. It might as well be good training, responsible and disinterested and in the shadow of good books.

But some years ago, the late Isaac Rosenfeld, a young creative writer himself of immense promise and substantial achievement, wrote an uncomfortably honest article in *The American Mercury* called "Confessions of a Writing Teacher." He indicated that teaching writing is a hoax. His descriptions of typical creative writing students were distressingly accurate; he knew all the cranks, misfits, psychopaths, illiterates, messiahs. But the significant thing for me in his article was that he seemed not to be writing about students who were also enrolled in the more usual English courses (not that such students cannot be equally shallow in their capacities and ambitions). Rosenfeld's students were the same ones who flock to the writing conferences, or plunk their money orders down in the post office for quickie lessons promising a real, live literary career. These are the persons who want to write

without reading, who want salvation without virtue. You can make a bleak little anthology of similar statements by disenchanted teachers of English and writing and find that the villains are almost always students who cannot or will not read, sometimes at all, sometimes with the necessary intelligence and responsiveness.

I don't want to try a description or analysis here of the deep-seated and widespread compulsion in the United States to "create," or just to appear to do so, to paint by numbers, to play piano if only with a music roll, to write by "proven" formula. This do-it-yourselfism is positively maniacal, however noble, and not subject to easy diagnosis. I have had students who were hoping to write fiction as a substitute for psychoanalysis; it's cheaper and shorter to produce a novel, confided one young lady with some insight, honesty, and an enormous problem. I think the mirage of easy money lures few, at least of those with some pretense to sophistication; many students actually like to think of themselves as altruistically starving for the benefit of humanity. The genuinely talented ones usually know or sense a good deal about the market, and accept the various realities about writing, including the likelihood of earning very little money.

A serious impulse to write is connected with actuality. It comes with sensitive reading, with an acquaintance with what writers have said in the past or are saying now, with how they said it, and why. That impulse, surely, may also come from some driving need to speak out, but at least it's ready to take form with a vocabulary, in an idiom, with an intent—all of these having their roots in literacy. Too many of the enthusiastic but illiterate would-be writers are like would-be painters who have been blind from birth.

This is all obvious, of course, but the misunderstanding of what it means to be a writer is not confined to eager, bright-eyed students; it crops up in the statements of some eager, bright-eyed, and fairly estimable instructors. A veteran teacher of creative writing once argued in a teachers' journal that creative writing is a "democratic art." He specified creative writing, not just any old kind of writing. At one point he asserted that "the creative process . . . can be learned more easily than grammar and punctuation." His principal device, he said, was to assign exercises in reporting the impressions of the five senses. Another teacher of creative writing spoke of convincing students "of the beauty of Keats' phrasing, or of the power of Joseph Conrad's descriptions."

But creative writing surely consists of more than the description of physical sensations. Nor does the beauty of Keats' phrasing (whatever may be meant by *that* phrase) or the power of Conrad's descriptions—subordinate aspects of Keats' and Conrad's total shaping and conception—really have much to do with creation, which is always a total achievement, not a fragmentary one. The student of creative writing who uses only his sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, who works meticulously but predominantly on his phrasing or on his descriptions, who sprinkles in "symbolic" conundrums (as another teacher I once knew advocated—a devotee of Joyce), but who neglects or is unaware of the final es-

thetic effect and need of art, the blending together of all details under the shaping influence of meaning and moral intention, such a student will never write creatively; he will turn our purple patches, snippets for Bartlett or for the department of Picturesque Speech in the *Reader's Digest*, or, at best, good commercial ware.

Certainly the only fit and proper place for a student of creative writing to learn what he must learn is in a university department of literature. Without discussing any of our academically unattached writers—although Faulkner, Hemingway, Edmund Wilson, and certainly Eliot have all been students of literature in their ways—a rather cogent argument can be offered, I think, in behalf of the intimate relationship between the study and the teaching of literature and creative writing, merely by citing some well-known teachers and writers: Walter van Tilburg Clark, Richard Scowcroft, Wallace Stegner, Mark Schorer, Lionel Trilling, Yvor Winters, George Stewart, Cleanth Brooks, Mark Van Doren, Robert Penn Warren, Vladimir Nabokov, John Cheever, Leslie Fiedler, Mark Harris, Bernard Malamud, John Crowe Ransom, Delmore Schwartz, Saul Bellow.

Life is to be found and may be observed on the campus, and from it, as well as on the road, and the skills taught in the classroom and the amenities practiced, or at least striven for, in the shade of ivy-covered walls are at least as conducive and helpful to art as those of the highway and the gutter. Too many students are still obsessed by the simple romantic notion which holds that life is only lived, art is only nurtured, *outside* such respectable, bourgeois strongholds as colleges and universities. To be sure, there are many restrictive, constrictive, destructive forces at work in the academy, and the hopeful artist must learn to resist these, or at least to accommodate to them, no less firmly than he deals with enemy forces in the world at large.

"The healing of the breach between writers and scholars—who are, after all, one general breed," Mr. Stegner wrote in that article, "is long overdue. . ."

Journalists and writers who have permitted their standards to sag or lapse and who sneeze at the dust of scholars, could use some of the scholars' care, some of their restraint, a good deal of their plain learning, and a lot of their taste. By bringing new writers inside the abbey, and encouraging the living and contemporary literature along with the great and the dead, the colleges can help heal that breach and enrich themselves in the process with some of the raw and often slovenly vitality that lives outside.

Mr. Stegner's statement seems to me so right as to make objections to the teaching of creative writing in a conventional and respectable department of English, or under its aegis, or any comparison of it to a sentence in Hell, seem whimsical—charming perhaps, but whimsical. I suppose the question, as usual, may be in part simply one of definition: what do we mean by "teaching," what precisely, by "creative writing." Certainly the attitude toward creative writing practiced during the summer orgies or by the private charlatans, which regards writing as a trade to be taught and learned

like plumbing, is not worth discussing. Nor are the products turned out under such guidance ever "created"; they are the brummagem imitations on the five-and-ten counter. But the teaching of a form of expression stimulated by a serious engagement with literature and life, of writing that is developed out of a student's apprehension through reading and practicing with the possibilities of words to communicate his own, very particular sense and experience of the world—the teaching of that sort of writing is appropriate to a campus.

AMERICA AT THE MOMENT

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

Our attitude toward our own culture has recently been characterized by two qualities, braggadocio and petulance. Braggadocio—empty boasting of American power, American virtue, American know-how—has dominated our foreign relations now for some decades. It is the spirit of making the world safe for democracy, of unconditional surrender, of crusading for the American Way of Life—in a word, of belief in American omniscience. It is the belief that there is nothing we cannot do if we only put more money into it and get organized. Its symbol is Paul Bunyan who, contrary to common belief, is not an ancient figure of our true folklore, but is the invention of men advertising the lumber industry around 1910. We can not only lick the world, we can out-preach them, out-televisize them, out-philosophize them, out-democratize them. The humblest expression of this braggart spirit would be the prayer of the Pharisee (in the Gospel according to St. Luke, 18.11), "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are."

Here at home—within the family, so to speak—our attitude toward our culture expresses a superficially different spirit, the spirit of petulance. Never before, perhaps, has a culture been so fragmented into groups, each full of its own virtue, each annoyed at the others. The sure and familiar formula for a successful non-fiction book, for a novel, a movie, or a TV show, is to expose the vices of some occupation, some locale, or some class. We are ashamed of our hucksters, our hidden persuaders, our exurbanites, our men-in-grey-flannel-suits, our occupiers of executive suites (and their wives), our organization men, our labor racketeers, our anti-intellectual, TV-watching, comic-book-reading populace, and our ineffectual egghead professors. Adults are horrified by our beatnik youth, and our beatnik youth are horrified

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by the squares who are us. Northern pulpits resound with outrage at the inhumanity to Negroes of fellow Americans in the South. Southerners are astonished at what they suppose to be the anarchistic love of violence of the NAACP and their northern supporters (including the Supreme Court).

Among intellectuals this petulance has been worst of all. For perhaps the first time in American history they have blatantly and with some success declared their separateness from the rest of the nation. Both the words "intellectual" and (its by-product) "anti-intellectual" have come into use in this country only very recently—in the present century. Among intellectuals, at least, much petulance is based on the assumption that we can and should shape our culture on West-European models. That we must Oxfordize our universities, Great-Bookify our reading matter, Left-Bankify our Art, Parliamentarize our politics, aristocratize our social life, and salonize our conversation.

What the braggadocio spirit and the petulant spirit have in common is that they both overestimate our national capacity. They both assume that a great nation like ours can do whatever it wishes. They share the illusion of omniscience which has haunted every world power. Because we have decent political institutions, a mobile and egalitarian society, a high standard of living, and a literate populace, they say we can also be the world's greatest philosophers, the world's most amusing conversationalists, and the world's greatest artists. In this national arrogance perhaps our only competitors in the world today are the Soviets, whose illusions of omniscience are more dogmatic than ours.

We must try to displace arrogance with self-respect. And self-respect can come only from a clearer image of the extent and the limits of our competence. To try to see American culture as a whole, to try to balance our failures and our successes can help us sharpen that image. The best clues are in our past, in the kind of thing we have and have not been able to do, in the price we have had to pay for our successes.

Paranoia may be engaging in children, it may even be necessary in artists, but it is death to a nation and an offense to the world. To face our own limitations—and those are defined largely by our past—not only helps us economize our energy and our passion, it helps us discover and respect the whole un-American World.

MANPOWER AND STRATEGY

HAROLD STEIN

I want to remark on two recent essays in the FORUM [Spring 1959]—Samuel Huntington's acrid and irrefutable analysis of our military manpower policies and Lindsay Rogers' charming rumination
(continued on page 52)

(Continued from page 3)
 same fashion, Hood College is forty-five miles from Washington and Baltimore. I am sure that this fact attracts a number of young women interested in opera, museums, civic centers, etc. . . . Granted that it helps if we look at ourselves occasionally with humor . . . I am sure that public relations officers at Colgate (where they perform the droll operation of trying to educate "the whole man") and at Bard (where they comically look to individual students' "needs, interests, and abilities") will be amused. And all of us look forward to the next Bennington viewbook. Will it contain a photo of the toilet paper factory as seen from the campus?

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The peaceable kingdom

• Special thanks for Jay Holmes' lucid article on "The New Particles of Physics" [Spring 1959], which even this layman could understand.

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One craft's layman is another's lion:
 Mr. Booth is a prolific poet (LETTER FROM A DISTANT LAND)
 and winner of the Lamont Prize of the American Academy of Poets.

—EDITOR

• Jay Holmes raises a number of perplexing questions:

(1) Why should a pi meson (as in the bubble chamber photo) split not only into a particle in its own mass range (a K-plus meson) but also into the much 'massier' sigma-minus hyperon? These results are analogous to dividing 4 by 2 and obtaining 3 plus 5. Whence cometh the extra mass?

(2) Defining the antiparticle, Mr. Holmes describes empty space as a "uniform sea of particles of negative energy, mass and momentum. Occasionally . . . a hole appears in this sea . . . The hole is exactly the size of one particle." Would it be closer to our present perception to define empty space—"nothing"—merely as the relative absence of

'something' (and conversely, that something—matter—is but a relatively compressed nothing)? Such a definition has the advantage of not seeming to say arbitrarily that a positive particle is just the affirmation of a negative space, and would help to elucidate the idea (now being touted as a possible explanation of 'continuous creation') that whenever the tension, i.e. the energy implicit in the distension of space, increases to a certain level, the appearance of matter is ineluctable.

(3) If a neutron has neither positive nor negative charge, how can one define the anti-neutron? What would be its characteristics, and would it have a character except in decay?

(4) If "antiparticles are annihilated almost immediately after they are produced," precisely what conditions in so-called 'free space' could account for (the posited) anti-matter aggregates on a macroscale, excepting the hypothetical, and insufficient, anti-gravitation?

All this may be clear to you, my dear Holmes, but the irregulars don't get it.

DONALD BRONKEMA
 Washington, D. C.

Jay Holmes replies:

Mr. Bronkema bats one-for-four.

(1) He is correct on this point. We neglected to mention in the bubble chamber photo caption that the pi meson struck a neutral (and thus invisible) particle when it split into a K-plus and a Sigma-minus.

(2) Here, I disagree. Empty space is the complete (not relative) absence of 'something,' if we define 'something' as ordinary positive-energy matter. If the term includes both positive and negative-energy particles, there is no absence at all. Empty space is filled with this kind of 'something.' Philosophically, I object also to the notion that 'nothing' can be "compressed." In mathematics, and in all the sciences that depend on mathematics (all the sciences that exist), zero, or nothing, is at a mid-point between the positive and negative numbers. By the processes of multiplication and division, numbers in both of these groups can be expanded or compressed. Zero,

however, is immutable—a star to every wandering bark. Further, I did not say that a positive particle is "the affirmation of a negative space." The image was used in an attempt to make vivid the idea of the antiparticle, defined as the absence of a negative-energy particle. The notion of antimatter has nothing to do with the cosmological theory of continuous creation. Mr. Bronkema's version is just another way of stating Einstein's 1905 proposition that matter and energy are identical.

(3) Mr. Bronkema assumes—not entirely unreasonably—that charge is the only property that distinguishes particles from antiparticles. In fact, there are several such properties. The easiest for the layman to understand is spin—particles and their antiparticles spin in opposite directions. There are other distinguishing characteristics, but it is hard to describe them without using mathematical symbols.

(4) I am afraid that Mr. Bronkema has misunderstood what I said about the annihilation of antiparticles. This occurs only when they meet their opposite-number particles. The postulate is that, by themselves, antiparticles would form antimatter in just the same way that ordinary particles form ordinary matter. It is assumed that the gravitational forces among antiparticles are attractive, not repulsive. The hypothetical antigravitation would take place only between particles and antiparticles.

I should like to say that this is elementary, my dear Bronkema, but I suppose that would be an overstatement. However, the subject isn't quite as difficult as it is usually made out to be.

• I think the COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY FORUM is about the best general magazine published for the intelligent reader, but please spare us such tasteless travesties as Eric Bentley's "The Consolations of Theology." As far as I can see it has nothing to do with either theology or Tillich, and adequate work on Time magazine has already been done.

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Columbia

CHRONICLE

A concise review
of recent news from
Columbia University

"Great Master Drawings of Seven Centuries," culled from public and private American collections and the Royal collection at Windsor Castle, are being exhibited this fall by the University to benefit the scholarship fund of the department of fine arts and archaeology. The exhibition, covering the fourteenth to the twentieth centuries, includes drawings by Roger van der Weyden, Bruegel, Rembrandt, Rubens, Goya, Cezanne, Klee, Matisse, and others. Queen Elizabeth will lend six drawings from the Royal collection, which has never been publicly displayed in America. These are works by Benozzo Gozzoli, Luca Signorelli, Stefano della Bella, Bernini, and Canaletto, and an anonymous drawing of the Trial of Mary, Queen of Scots. The exhibition is being held at M. Knoedler and Company, 14 East 57 Street, from October 14 through November 7.

An investigation to determine exactly what happens when a virus invades a susceptible cell, taking control of it, multiplying within it, and subsequently damaging and perhaps destroying it, will be conducted by the department of microbiology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons under a March of Dimes grant from the National Foundation (formerly the National Foundation

for Infantile Paralysis). Research under the new grant will investigate polio and intestinal viruses.

Pope John XXIII has conferred the rank of Papal Chamberlain with the title of the Very Reverend Monsignor on James Edward Rea, counselor to Catholic students at Columbia. Monsignor Rea is a noted scholar and one of the founders and treasurer of the Catholic Theological Association.

Two "sub-critical" nuclear reactors to be used by training nuclear engineers were put into operation earlier this year under the auspices of the School of Engineering. Destined for training rather than power production, the reactors are said to operate on low energy levels with a minimum of radiation danger. They are designed to produce a versatile repertoire of nuclear reactions. The Atomic Energy Commission furnished \$76,000 to build the reactors and to purchase accessory equipment.

To no one's great surprise, Columbia University's one-year experimental Science Honors Program for gifted high school students (FORUM; Fall 1958) won high praise from the participating faculty members, students and their high school officials. The program was established through a grant from the Hebrew Technical Institute to demonstrate how far and fast able students can go in advanced scientific subjects and to develop new course material for high schools. An expanded Science Honors Program is planned for next fall which may include high school teachers who, attending as Special Fellows, can rework the developed material into publications for use in secondary schools.

A theory that all but a small part of the earth's crust was formed early along in the earth's history is being advanced by a Columbia University petrologist, Dr. Arne Poldevaart. Dr. Poldevaart believes that a study of the oldest rocks in the world—a little over 3,000,000,000 years old—in South Africa will help support his

contention that 90 per cent of the continental crust was formed in the first billion or billion-and-a-half years of earth history, instead of gradually through the 4½ billion years since the earth's formation. From Africa, Dr. Poldevaart will go to Italy, Greece, and Iceland, to collect rock samples that may prove that much of the moon's crust was formed by volcanic eruptions and that its surface is made up mostly of light silicic rocks. In making his estimates, Dr. Poldevaart warns, "We still have a lot to learn about the earth's crust before we can predict what's on the moon." Dr. Poldevaart's year-long trip is supported by a Guggenheim fellowship and a grant from the National Science Foundation.

Over 75 per cent of Columbia College's undergraduate student body received at least one form of financial aid last year, according to Henry S. Coleman, assistant dean of the College, in a recent article in *Columbia College Today*. Dean Coleman said that the important change in financial aid today is the emphasis on "self-help," including loans, as against "free ride" scholarships. Three-fifths of the College's students work during the term, earning an average of \$300 a year. More than 60 per cent of the College student body received well over one million dollars in scholarship aid during 1958-59 with need, and not scholarly excellence, determining the amount.

Seven large canvases representing Raphael's cartoons for his tapestries in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel have been presented to the University by Mrs. Francis Henry Lenygon of New York City. The pictures, which are copies of the original cartoons, probably by the eighteenth century artist Sir James Thornhill, are in their original carved and gilded frames, about seven by ten feet each, and will be hung in Schermerhorn Hall, home of the department of fine arts and archaeology. The cartoons supplement a second set of the Raphael tapestries themselves which are the property of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, near the Columbia campus.

(Continued from page 49)

tions on statesmanship from Machiavelli to Tugwell.

Two points on Huntington: According to the traditional description of Congressional action as a perfect parallelogram of forces, Congressional defeat of UMT was indeed the result of the vigorous lobbying of "educational, farm, labor, church, and women's groups." However, as an observer and once peripheral participant in the dispute, I suggest that UMT failed because there was so little pressure for it. Those who seriously believed in and pressed for UMT were middle-aged or even elderly men whose vision went back to Plattsburg, Leonard Wood, and Teddy Roosevelt. Stimson, Patterson, Marshall *et al.* were leaders, but had no army: American Legion resolutions are all well and good, but their effective power is measurable only in active support by Legionnaires, not in oratorical elegance. The second point is a simple one. Mr. Huntington suggested in his concluding paragraphs that the Pentagon is cautiously trying to refashion its Reserve and National Guard programs to fit the unpleasant facts of 1959, but without any great success thus far. True enough, but one practical use has long obtained for the Reserve training programs: they are an invaluable supplement to the military academies in providing substantial numbers of new career officers.

As for Mr. Rogers' essay ["The Tutelage of Power"], I was delighted with his embroideries on Roosevelt and the New Deal; they add to our sum of knowledge about the *trust des cervelles*; I'm also in substantial agreement with most of his conclusions about statesmanship past and present. I wonder, however, about his prediction that "future historians will call Franklin Roosevelt a great war president, and then go on to say that he fumbled badly in preparing for peace." Indeed, in the next paragraph Mr. Rogers suggested that even as a war strategist FDR was an amateur compared with Churchill. I wonder. Unlike Churchill, Roosevelt never fell for notions about "a soft underbelly," never came up with odd plans for seizing islands whose conquest bore no relation to winning the war. And Churchill never reversed his Joint Chiefs as sharply as Roosevelt did when they proposed that the United States abandon the British and shift to a Pacific strategy. As for the post-war world—neither has been shown to be prophetic. Roosevelt did come up with a plan for China, a plan that delighted Chiang Kai-shek, whatever its faults. At least Roosevelt thought China *deserved* a plan; Churchill did not even care. And in Europe, Churchill's efforts to push eastward were most inspiring, but their effect depended entirely on whether or not we were subsequently willing to retreat to the various zonal boundaries we had solemnly agreed on. The Russians did take Prague, Vienna, and Berlin: today Prague is Communist, Berlin is half-free, Vienna free. Finally, to say that the American generals' plans for Europe at the end of the war were naive is to underestimate Roosevelt or to disagree with him in the wrong terms. America's views on what to do about the liberation and/or occupation of France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the Balkans were in part wrong, quite wrong, but the errors were the errors of Roosevelt, a politician who relied partly on his own hunches and partly on the information and misinformation supplied him by members of his administration. The naivete of Roosevelt's generals is irrelevant: their course of action was approved by their commander-in-chief for political reasons.

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